# The Outlook

JUNE 13, 1923

## AMERICA AGAIN AT CHAUMONT

CHAUMONT five years ago was the seat of the American General Headquarters in France. On Sunday of last week a message from the President of the United States was read at the dedication of a monument in this old town, expressing the wish that Franco-American friendship, "renewed when Americans fought on French soil for the freedom of man," might "endure and grow strong as the years pass," and that prosperity might ever attend revivified France.

Ambassador Herrick, who read this message, made his plea for unity between the two Republics, saying:

> This day's observance will have failed if it does not remind us that we are too prone, in the preoccupation of our individual affairs, to forget the cause which made Frenchmen and Americans companions in arms.
>
> The French farmer, who knows no limitations in hours of labor other than physical endurance, has gone a long way in repairing the damage done his fields by trenches and shells. But there are recollections which, for the sake of his future and the future of all mankind, we cannot, even if we would, erase and still be true to the men who fought and to the men who served during those four terrible years. From our victorious dead, sleeping in sacred cemeteries, there arises a spirit of everlasting fraternity beyond the power of the living to destroy.
>
> Suppose the leaders in the war had failed! Then our conceptions of human liberty as incarnated in France and America one hundred and fifty years ago would have failed. Suppose those who lead us now should fail; then we should perish—differently, but no less surely.

In his speech on this occasion the French Premier, M. Poincaré, having paid a tribute to America's war President, and having described the vigor and fearlessness of the American soldiers, told how he had traced with General Pershing on the map in advance the way in which the Americans were to drive the Germans out of the St. Mihiel salient, and how, the day after, he explored in company with General Pershing the ruins of his own native village. He recalled his saying to President Wilson on his arrival after the Armistice: "For the miseries and sadness of yesterday peace must give reparations; against the perils of to-morrow peace must give guaranties." And at the conclusion of his address M. Poincaré said:

> Americans would not have understood if France left the population of the devastated regions in distress without demanding of Germany, whose cities were all intact, the reparations she had promised.
>
> It was not to consecrate any such mockery of justice that 50,000 sons of America fell on our battlefields and sleep to-day in the folds of the soil of France. Many of their mothers and wives have not had the sad consolation of coming to weep upon their tombs, but they know their loved ones rest here beside their French companions. Surely they do not wish that in the country which they so bravely defended the sleep of their loved ones shall be some day disturbed by new invasions.

## DE VALERA YIELDS

THE chief of the Irish Republican "die-hards," Eamon De Valera, has not surrendered in person, nor has he been captured. He has, however, yielded to the force of superior arms and superior reason. An order signed by him and addressed to all soldiers in his army says: "Further sacrifices on your part now would be in vain, and a continuance of the struggle in arms unwise in the national interests. A military victory must be allowed to rest for the moment with those who have destroyed the Republic."

The document in which this order to cease fighting appears is confirmed by another captured document in which General Aitken, chief of staff of the Republican army, instructs the soldiers not to surrender their arms but to keep them until a possibility of renewing the struggle occurs.

There is good reason for believing that such a renewal of hostilities will never come about. For one thing, the Catholic Church is strongly inclined toward the Free State; in fact, many students of Irish affairs believe that the influence of the Church was thrown toward the acceptance of the treaty offered to the Sinn Fein leaders and accepted by Collins, Griffith, and other Sinn Fein representatives.

In a very interesting letter to the New York "Tribune" on Irish affairs, sent from London by Mr. Mark Sullivan, it is stated positively that "in the whole island of Ireland to-day there is less religious intolerance than in those parts of the United States where the Ku Klux Klan is strong." However great may have been the patriotic hope of the Irish parish priests for a Republic, evidently their ecclesiastical superiors have long seen the folly of a needless, cruel, wasteful, and, of late at least, hopeless civil war.

Another reason adduced in Mr. Sullivan's letter for peaceful conditions in Ireland is the wish that American tourists may again visit the country. He says that Americans have been avoiding Ireland because of the condition of affairs there, and that in a secure and peaceful Ireland the amount spent by American tourists might well be somewhere between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 a year. This is no small item in Irish prosperity.

Another evidence that conditions are becoming stable is that the Free State is reported to be placing its bonds on favorable terms.

If all these indications are sound, there is some ground for the feeling that pressure of commercial relations and mutual profit as well as peace may before very long influence the Ulster leaders to enter into a dual Dominion agreement with a sovereign Ireland.

## THE MIXED CLAIMS COMMISSION

THE settlement of a billion-dollar lawsuit against the German Government, brought by the United States Government in behalf of itself and the American people, is the way in which the work of the Mixed Claims Commission has been characterized.

The suit is the largest of its kind in the history of the country. Claims totaling 12,319 in number have been filed for prosecution by the Commission, and damages aggregating $1,187,736,867 are asked of Germany to cover damage to American property and for the loss of non-combatant American lives as a consequence of the World War. Such claims, to be tried before the Mixed Claims Commission, are confined to losses attributable to the war. Thus Germany has been asked to pay some of the actual losses



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of war rather than pay reparations to the United States in company with the remainder of the associated war Powers.

Organization of the Mixed Claims Commission was provided under an agreement between the American and German Governments, signed August 10, 1922, for the purpose of determining the amount to be paid by Germany in satisfaction of that country's financial obligations under the treaty of peace of August 25, 1921, between the two Governments. The Commission as originally named is composed of one American Commissioner, Judge Edwin B. Parker, of Texas, former member of the War Industries Board, and one German Commissioner, Dr. Wilhelm Kiesselbach, a lawyer of Hamburg. The two Commissioners act in the rôle of judges of a specially created tribunal to pass judgment upon the claims against the German Government growing out of the war of 1914. As umpire former Associate Justice William R. Day, of the United States Supreme Court, was appointed by the United States with the consent of Germany to render a deciding opinion in case of deadlock between the two Commissioners. It is now announced, however, that Judge Day has retired from the post of umpire; that Judge Parker is to take his place; and that Judge Parker's place will be filled later.

Robert C. Morris, American agent in the settlement of the Venezuelan Claims in 1903, has been appointed as counsel for the United States to prosecute the American claims against Germany. The German agent, Karl von Lewinski, is the German counsel who will defend that Government against objectionable demands. The judicial character of the Mixed Claims Commission, sitting as an international court to try the American war claims, has been perfected by an array of judges, counsel, clerical and legal staffs, and a docket made up of individual claims. Each claimant will have "his day in court" to demand damages for losses and injuries and to receive judgment on his claim.

To expedite this work and conclude its task as rapidly as possible, claims have been grouped into classes, each represented by a test case which will be tried and decided at the outset of the Commission's deliberations for the purpose of establishing principles which will govern the disposition of the remaining cases in each group. In this way the Commission hopes to avoid a waste of time and hasten a final accounting between the United States and Germany on war damages.

### WHAT THE CLAIMS ARE

THE list of claims filed with the Commission is interesting for its variety of demands made upon Germany as a consequence of hostilities. One group of claims is for losses suffered by Americans as a result of German submarine warfare. Another class is for compensation for American property seized or destroyed by German forces in Germany and occupied territory. There is one class of claims arising out of the excessive cost of marine insurance on vessels during the war period. This increase in cost of insurance protection, being deemed the result of German submarine and "raider" activities in the principal Atlantic and Pacific lanes of travel, has been referred to Germany for payment. Government agencies of the United States have filed claims against Germany along with American nationals. The United States Veterans' Bureau has filed a claim for money expended in insuring the hulls of American vessels destroyed by German undersea craft. The United States Shipping Board has filed a claim to cover the loss of vessels and cargoes, as well as to recover insurance premiums paid by that department. Private shipping interests have asked damages to cover the cost to them of charter hire. American inventors have asked Germany, through the Commission, for remuneration to cover the violation of patent rights by the German Government. Underwriting insurance companies are claiming compensation for the sums paid out on insurance losses caused by Germany in waging war. Citizens using the mails in sending parcel-post packages abroad are asking compensation for packages lost in transit through the fault of Germany. This partial list of claims filed with the Commission gives an idea of the variety of losses which have been laid at the door of Germany for settlement.

One important group of cases before the Commission includes those claims that arose from the sinking of the Lusitania by a German torpedo, resulting in a huge loss of American lives and property. Litigation growing out of that disaster has been conspicuous in various jurisdictions, both abroad and in this country. The German Government, in its diplomatic correspondence with the United States, is understood to have admitted liability for the sinking of the vessel, and a settlement of the $190,000,000 of American claims on that account is expected to be made in the proceedings before the Commission.

Congressional sentiment has been expressed that settlement of the American claims involves the release and disposition of the $300,000,000 of German-owned property seized by the United States upon the entrance of this country into hostilities. This property is now held in trust by the Alien Property Custodian, for German owners, pending authority from Congress as to its disposition. Confiscation of the German property held here for the purpose of paying American claimants against Germany has been urged as one method of settling accounts. The continued holding of the property as a guaranty of settlement by Germany of the American claims is another proposal that has been made to Congress. Yet another proposal made is that the money and property be used to pay American claimants and that an agreement be entered into by the United States and Germany by which that country herself would assume the obligation of paying her own nationals for the losses they suffered as a result of the confiscation of their property by the United States.

Congress, at its last session, approved the release of a small proportion of the property held by the Alien Property Custodian, notwithstanding vigorous protest on the part of American claimants against Germany. Properties which did not exceed $10,000 in value were ordered returned to their owners. This act of Congress made possible the return of ninety-five per cent of the more than 33,000 properties held by the Alien Property Custodian. But the total value of property actually returned to owners was less than $50,000,000, leaving in the Government's hands German-owned property valued at approximately $300,000,000.

### THE BIG BERTHAS

ONE of the mysteries of the war has been the scientific principles involved in the shelling of Paris by German guns at a distance that might be as great as seventy miles. Not that there was lack of explanations—there were too many of them and they did not agree. Finally Léon Daudet, a French writer and politician (so far as a French royalist can be considered a modern politician), capped the cli-

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# IS'T FAR YOU RIDE?

*(Macbeth, Act III, Scene 1)*

*Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal*

"NO, THANKS; I CAN SEE 'EM!"

From Walter A. Edmunds, Memphis, Tennessee

*Jefferson MacHamer in the New York Tribune*

A GRAND LITTLE HILL CLIMBER, THEY SAY, BUT CAN IT MAKE THIS GRADE?

From Estelle H. Provost, Ossining, N. Y.

*Gale in the Los Angeles Times*

CARRYING ON

M. Gray, Los Angeles, California

*Cassel in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

THE BUSIEST MAN

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

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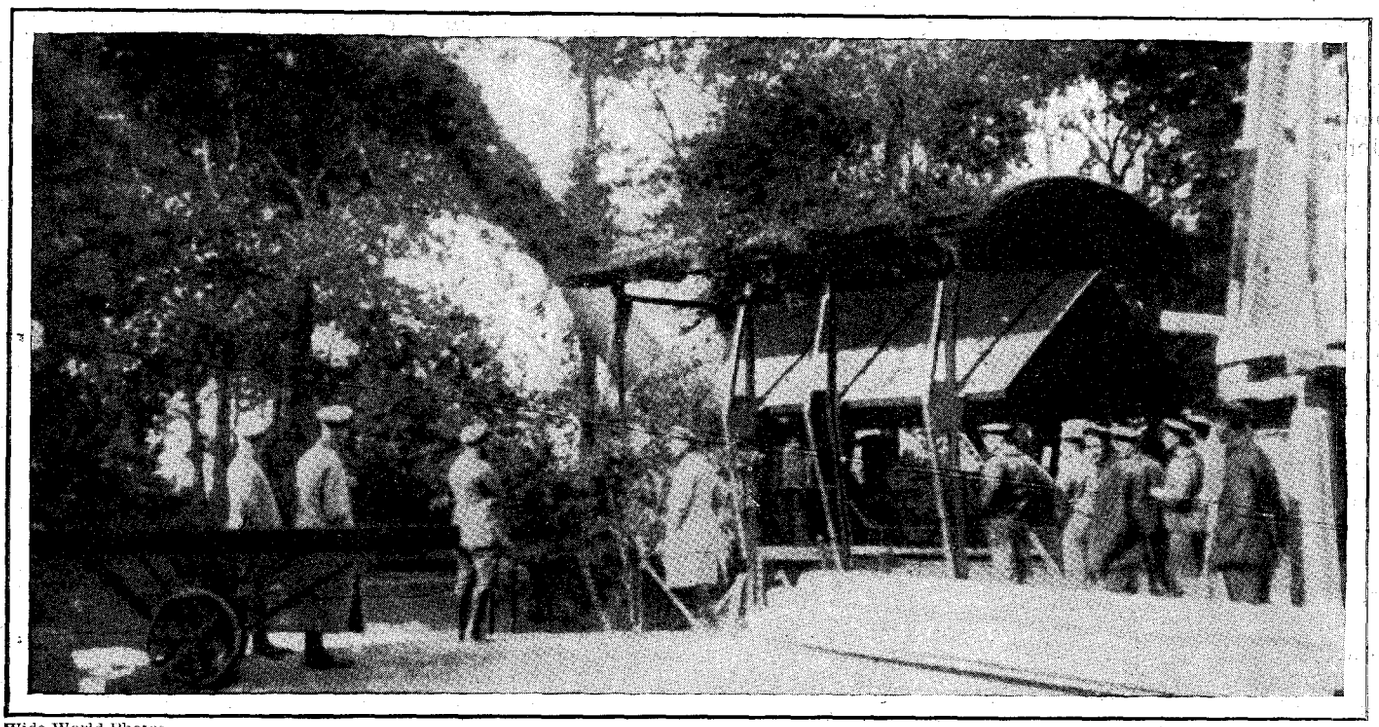

Wide World Photos

THE FAMOUS "BIG BERTHA" THAT BOMBARDED PARIS DURING THE WAR

The first shell from this gun fell in Paris in 1918. It was supposed that the gun was about seventy-five miles away. The photograph, taken during the war and now supplied to the French authorities from an unnamed source, shows the "Big Bertha" heavily camouflaged in firing position with the crew standing by. The carriage and mechanism are protected by double steel covering, with camouflage over this to prevent the position being picked up by aerial photographers

max by declaring that the Big Bertha was not a mystery, but a myth. This brought out a torrent of disproof. The evidence as to the reality and nature of the super-long-range guns has been summed up by Mr. Walter Littlefield in an article which lately appeared in the New York 'Times."

This writer quotes four different authorities. One is "Le Matin," which shows from French official reports that the Big Berthas had been located by French aviators and one or more of them destroyed by French artillery. The second is a French writer who declares that the French knew before the Armistice just how the long-distance shooting was done. The third is a writer in the "Whitehall Gazette" who is vouched for by Mr. Littlefield as having interrogated the inventor of the gun in his official capacity and who is reported as saying that he "did not design the gun to shell Paris. He did not design it to carry over seventy miles, but something less than half that distance." The fourth witness is the well-known American poet, 'cellist, and soldier, Robert Haven Schauffler, strangely described by Mr. Littlefield as "the German." Mr. Schauffler is quoted as saying that he learned from a trustworthy observer that—

> Four of these "Big Berthas" had been built. The gun which shelled Dunkirk, and which later exploded, killing several members of the gun crew, was No. 2. No. 3 first fired on Paris. The gun was 33 meters long (about 100 feet). It had two tubes, which fitted end to end, the bore of the forward tube being smaller than that of the rear. . . . The gun stood in a regular heavy artillery emplacement. It fired at an angle of 60 degrees. . . . It and the surviving two, together with their emplacements, aiming, and discharging apparatus, were destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy and the officers and men were dispersed.

This may be compared with the account by the "Whitehall Gazette" (London) writer, who says, among other things:

> A peculiar feature of the gun and part of the "Big Bertha" secret lay in the fact that it had two inner tubes within its length fitting end to end, the forward tube having somewhat finer rifling and a smaller bore than the rear tube. . . . The shell was really duplex, a 15-inch shell arranged to shoot out at a certain height the smaller 9-inch shell.

The technical details put forward in these diverse accounts presented by Mr. Littlefield cannot here be repeated. But, despite their positiveness, they do not completely agree, and the layman is inclined to feel that a little explanation of the explanations is still desirable.

Some day perhaps we may have a simple, scientific statement from adequate military authority.

## THE MAN WHO CLEANED UP ST. LOUIS

WHILE Joseph W. Folk, who die in New York City on May 2[illegible] served with credit as Governor of Missouri, as counsel for the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and as Solicitor of the Federal State Department, and was a candidate for th Presidential nomination of the Democratic party in 1912, he will best remembered for his drastic action i fighting the corrupt union of vice a politics in St. Louis in 1902. He w a young lawyer when he undertoo this task. His thorough prosecution of criminal politicians and plain crooks sent many men of those two classes before the Grand Jury and put several of them into the penitentiary. His election as Governor of his State in 1904 on the Democratic ticket was a recognition by the people of his services, and was the more remarkable in that Missouri for the first time in its history then gave its Presidentia electoral vote to a Republican, The dore Roosevelt.

The period in which Mr. Folk ca ried out the sweeping reforms in Louis which made for a perm betterment in its civic conditio that which is so often spok

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he era of the muck-rakers. Mr. Roosevelt, who brought that phrase nto common use, knew his "Pilgrim's Progress." He used the phrase just is John Bunyan did, to designate peo-ple who had their eyes so closely fixed on the dirt and filth of corruption hat they could see nothing else. But others used the word indiscrimi-nately, so that every man who tried to reform conditions in city, State, or Nation was very likely to be called a nuck-raker. Charles E. Hughes for his work in the insurance investiga-ion, Brand Whitlock in his work for Toledo, Judge Lindsey in his cam-paign to help the children, had about hem nothing of that pessimism which believes there is nothing but corrup-ion in sight. Joseph Folk belonged o their category, and was not in the east one of those who confuse reform with general abuse and reckless accu-sation.

It is pointed out that the reason why Governor Folk did not figure as a winner in National political contests was not in any weakness or lack of qualification on his part, but in the special circumstances of the cam-paigns in which his name was put for-ward. For instance, at the Baltimore convention of the Democratic party, Bryan was at first the predomi-ng figure, and when it became evi- that he could not be nominated, two most popular candidates were Champ Clark and Joseph Folk. Both were Missourians. Naturally, Champ rk, the older and Nationally better-wn man, came to the front.

s a Federal Government official in two capacities already named, rnor Folk did able work. He was ble lawyer as well as a vigorous mer, and he more than once rep-ted the Government in matters ected with international disputes.

Keystone

JOSEPH W. FOLK

### LAUDE KITCHIN

DURING the early years of the war, especially just before America oined the Allies, few public men in merica were better known than ade Kitchin. To-day he is almost gotten. His death on May 31 lled forth little comment.

What occasioned his reputation is isely what has caused him to be otten. He was conspicuously an ructionist. His long experience Congress—extending over twenty- years—brought him power advancement by seniority to ship of the House of Repre- but it did not enable him to view National problems from a National standpoint. He had been regularly elected and re-elected to Congress without making any great impression until the election of Oscar Underwood to the Senate left a vacancy in the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, into which Mr. Kitchin, as next ranking member of the Committee, stepped almost automatically.

His accession to this powerful position occurred in 1915, when thoughtful Americans were aware of the need of preparing this country for the inevitable part it was to play in the war. Against all preparedness Mr. Kitchin placed himself as an immovable obstacle. He could see no further than the limits of his own Congressional district. He honestly, no doubt, endeavored to represent his constituency, but he failed to serve the Nation.

(C) Keystone

CLAUDE KITCHIN

If Mr. Kitchin's counsel had been followed or his authority had been greater, the loss and waste suffered by this Nation finally in its long-delayed preparation would have been vastly heavier.

Mr. Kitchin was a conscientious servant of his constituents; but good public service requires more than conscience. Sometimes the lack of common sense is as hurtful in a public servant as the lack of honesty. So far as Mr. Kitchin will be remembered his name will be associated, not with the accomplishments of the Nation in war time, but with its difficulties.

### REVOLT AGAINST SECTARIANISM ORGANIZES ITSELF

EFFORTS to escape from the sectarian order of things in the Protestant Church have not met with very much success in the past. The union churches found themselves compelled in most instances to barter away their liberty to secure a dependable ministerial supply, while in other cases churches that arose from a union impulse tended to organize and become a denomination. Three existing denominations began in that way. The first National Conference of Community Church Workers, which met in Chicago, May 22–24, found it necessary to steer the *via media* between these two dangers. The delegates came from 28 States and numbered about two hundred. Eight hundred and sixty churches are now listed as either "denominational community," "federated" or "independent community" churches. The vast majority are of the independent sort. A number of Negro community churches were reported at the Conference which had not been previously known.

As the Conference debated the most effective means of building up efficiency without creating denominationalism, it was the consensus of opinion that the ministers of the movement will do well to continue in their denominational relationships where it is possible to do so. Here they will continue to speak in behalf of the larger unity of the Church. In return for their ministerial standing they will render such services to the denomination as are consistent for a community church minister. But it is increasingly clear that the churches must for the present be independ-

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ent. The federated churches change over to the independent type, but the contrary process is not noted. The federated church is always subject to the whims of the new district official that a denomination may take on.

The problem of missionary outlet for the churches of the new movement proved to be no problem at all. Representatives were present from a number of evangelical societies, urging co-operation. The denominations now unite in many tasks, both home and foreign. Dr. Hung, Dean of the School of Religion of Peking University, made a masterful plea for co-operation with the cause of education in the Orient.

To meet the hazard that arises from free-lance ministers who are either uneducated, immoral, or simply inefficient, a service bureau has been created which will provide information to churches, but not recommendations. To carry on the work of this service bureau the National Conference has made itself a permanent institution. A literature will be created for the movement, the first step in this direction being a printing of the presidential address of this year in tract form.

It is significant that this group, in which there is greater diversity of opinion than in any other ecclesiastical group that has held a convention this spring, had the most harmonious gathering. Not a false note was struck in the Chicago gathering to mar the harmony and good will that prevailed.

The National Conference was not unmindful of the overhead movements looking toward Christian unity.

### BAPTIST FRICTION REDUCED

THE Northern Baptist Convention, which closed its annual session at Atlantic City on May 29, appears to be emerging with a sigh of relief from a period of theological embarrassment just as the Presbyterians appear to be entering upon an experience of a similar nature.

The course of the Baptist Convention indicated that the progressives have won their fight against the imposition of a formal creed as a test of orthodoxy; for, though more than one conservative faction brought creeds with them, intending to present them for adoption and renew the struggle of a year ago, it early became evident that the temper of the Convention as a whole was utterly unfavorable. After the somewhat stormy episodes of the last three Conventions, that of 1923 sailed into calm water, if not into port.

The dramatic public protest of Dr. J. R. Straton, of New York, at the opening session, against the appearance upon the programme of President Faunce, of Brown University, on the ground of his pronounced liberal views, though repudiated by Fundamentalist leaders, was a blow from the reflex effects of which they could not recover. The ghost of the question of the attitude of the denominational missionary boards toward the reception of "gifts with doctrinal conditions attached," which has walked among Baptist ranks for the last two years, was decisively laid by the adoption of a report which, while recognizing the right and freedom of any individual to proffer a gift to Baptist societies or boards with such specifications as might seem desirable to the donors, strongly discouraged such a course, and specifically declared that "we must always insure the complete freedom of our Boards, executive officers, missionaries, and other representatives from subjection to formal creedal tests."

### BAPTISTS AND EDUCATION

SINCE the New World Movement of Baptists of the North, which involved the attempt to raise $100,000,000 for missionary and educational purposes during a period of five years, enters now upon the last year of its course, it was necessary for the denomination at this meeting to determine plans for the succeeding five years. The programme as finally shaped was adopted without a dissenting vote and with the hearty indorsement of the Fundamentalist elements, which have been lukewarm or opposed to the New World Movement. The Northern Baptist Convention will not again set a financial objective for a five-year period, nor seek pledges that run for such a length of time. Experience is all against it. A programme for advance in work will be mapped for five years, but the financial objectives will be determined a year at a time. Baptists of the North are now giving a larger sum per capita for missionary and educational purposes than any other of the large denominations, and it is expected that the level will be at least maintained under the new plan.

Of wide interest is the disposition on the part of the Convention of the request of the University of Chicago for larger freedom of action in the matter of the choice of a president and the composition of its Board of Trustees. According to its present by-laws, the president and two-thirds of the trustees of the University must be Baptist. The University asked the approval of such a change as would permit it to elect a non-Baptist if at any time that should appear wise and to increase the number of trustees from twenty-one to twenty-five, of whom only three-fifths must be Baptist. Elements in the Convention of a conservative theological cast, who have resented the liberal tendencies of the University, attempted to cut it wholly adrift from the denomination by vesting full authority and management with the trustees of the institution without reservation. But this counsel did not prevail, and the request of the University as proffered was granted.

The new President of the Convention is a layman, Mr. Corwin S. Shank, a lawyer of Seattle.

## HANDS OFF THE NATIONAL PARKS

THE attempts made in the past to commercialize the National Parks or to injure their beauty and recreational value have been s many and sometimes so subtle th it is never out of place to wa Congress, the Administration, an the people at large to watch with scrupulous care everything that ha even the appearance of such an sault.

Recently questions have been rai relating to the future of Yellows Park, and an intimation has b made (quite unjustly, we believe) t the present Secretary of the Inte has considered making concessi which would not be approved friends of the Parks. The most def nite thing of this kind we know of has been a statement in the Living ston "Enterprise," a Montana news paper, to the effect that Secretary Work was being urged to allow a sur vey in the Yellowstone Park to dete mine the possibilities of the storag of water for irrigation. It does not appear in this assertion that the Sec retary of the Interior has taken a action or that he favors the p although we have heard the statem made as coming from Senator Wa that Secretary Work is sympat with the project. On the othe we are informed by one of living authorities on ques ing to the National P

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# VENISELOS STATES THE CASE FOR GREECE

## SPECIAL INTERVIEW FOR THE OUTLOOK BY ITS EUROPEAN EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENT, ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

BY RADIOGRAM FROM LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND

"OURS is a little country, but it has done great things in the past and will do great things in the future," said Veniselos.

When I suggested that this was because the little country had been led by a big man but that the Greeks had been traitorous to him, he said: "Why condemn the whole people for the mistake in judgment of the majority? All are liable to mistakes. There is much good in the Greeks. They have undergone a more trying experience than others, but they possess the fiber that nations are made of and will give a good account of themselves. They need special sympathy, for the population has been increased by a million refugees. The Athens Government agreed to everything I proposed. It has done one thing needful—it has built a new army. If Greece must lose something, let it be frontiers rather than the army. In resisting Turkish demands our word has been backed by the well-understood argument of force. Turkey demanded a money indemnity of four billion francs gold. Greece could not pay. War was feared. Rather than precipitate immediate hostilities it was better to risk having trouble in the future. As equivalent compensation I offered Karagatch and environs, of great strategic value to Turkey. Turkey demanded more. I refused, for Greece would fight first. The Greek forces in Thrace are twice as numerous as the Turkish. Immediate attack was feared. A settlement has been reached, Turkey consenting to withdraw her demand for money indemnity; Greece in theory was obliged to make reparations, and added to territory offered returning Turkish ships seized if Turkey returns Greek ships. I am glad the Greeks remained firm despite Poincaré's threat to check our naval movements in the direction of the Straits without making a like menace to check Turkey's. Such a one-sided performance continues the French pro-Turk policy at the ultimate cost of all the Powers."

-isely the contrary is the case, and -hat Secretary Work is in nowise com-itted to such a project, and is in-ıed to believe that the survey would blish a wrong and injurious prece-. Certainly, if it is true, as we .e seen stated, that the plan is ıat a railway should pay half the ex-e of the survey, the proposal is :sirable on the face of it; for if .urvey is for the benefit of the 's and the people of the United s, it should be made by our Gov-ıent and by it solely. Again, ›rities on the subject of irriga-as well as of Parks declare that roposal is impractical as a meas-for increased irrigation and con-›l of the waters, as well as objec-.ionable from the standpoint of the need to preserve the Yellowstone National Park from every kind of com-rcialism.

These things are questions for ex-'s to settle, but the voice of com-n sense declares that to undertake allow to be undertaken an elaborate 'vey by forces of engineers to mark power sites and reservoir sites ›resent data to show that the rs of the Yellowstone Park can be to commercial or agricultural ge is simply to put the cart be-horse. Let Congress first set-'estion whether or not it is -e the Park in this way, -ent of those who want to preserve its beauties; if not—and there is strong reason to believe that Congress and the Secretary would reach that conclusion—then the proposed survey is useless. If Congress and the Secretary are doubtful, then they should ask for the sentiment of the country before undertaking this expensive work, and thereby to some extent committing themselves to the project.

We have strong confidence that the Administration will take no hasty steps in this matter.

## TO FELLOW-FANS

IN the realm of baseballdom are found four races of inhabitants—inmates, some would call them—fans, rooters, professional guys, and back-lot bugs. These terms *sound* like slang, but one cannot discuss science without using the correct nomenclature. If the staid reader wants to know what baseball slang is, let him hie himself to Ring Lardner or, for a mild form of the disease, to Mr. Gilbert Patten's lively baseball story in this issue of The Outlook, called "Sand on the Diamond." What makes baseball slang a joy is that it changes overnight and varies with the ingenuity of the reporter; to-day the Babe elevates the pill, to-morrow the Bambino clouts the sphere—and so *ad infinitum*.

Now the fan may be a rooter, but the rooter is not always a fan. The rooter is out to see his side, or college, or city, win; the fan is out to see the game. The dyed-in-the-wool fan is the man who says, "Yes, the home team won, but the game was punk;" or, "We lost out, but it was a peach of a game." He has his preferences as to winners, but what he loves is to see hard hitting, fine fielding, now and then a double play or a home run, and all through a close score and a chance for either side to win until the ninth ends or the darkness approaches.

College men watching college games are rooters, and rightly glory in it. They may later become fans; but they are more likely to be neither fans nor rooters (except always at post-graduation games), but players of tennis or golf. The genuine fan is like Don Marquis's "Old Soak;" he doesn't very much want either to work or to play, but one thing he does stick to consistently.

We forget just how many millions of people, mostly men, sit on benches every summer to watch professional ball games. The life of the fan is not what might be called arduous. The best sport and the finest service of baseball is found on the back lots, the small-town diamonds, in the games where the fellows come out for fun and exercise. Some among the millions

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of boys and young men who do this may become college or professional players; most of them grow into middle-aged fans whose pleasure largely consists in remembering how they used to play ball. But it is because most boys can and do play that baseball is the "National game" in that it is the game of boyhood carried up into a scientific sport well worth watching when played by experts.

Sometimes the question is asked whether the graduates of the back lots or of the colleges make the finest material for the big leagues. Naturally, the back lots furnish the great mass of paid players, because the college men, for some strange reason, prefer to be lawyers or doctors or editors, or some other dull thing, instead of clouting the sphere and knowing the joy of sliding into a stolen base. The experts say that all a pitcher needs is something on the ball (technical, again) and something above the neck; and not a few college men have qualified under this definition.

John J. McGraw is a very, very great man. He is commander-in-chief of the World Champions; yet the most joyous recollection some of us New York fans have of the majestic McGraw is that of seeing him sent to the bleachers by a stern umpire, who patiently waited, however, as the great man strolled over the diamond, telling his sad story to the enemies he met, sitting down to pick and chew grass here and there, and finally retiring dramatically out of sight in the dressing-rooms to the shouts of "Play ball," "Stop fooling."

But this is a digression—regular fans are terrible digressers. We started to quote John J. on colleges and back lots. In his new book, "My Thirty Years in Baseball" (strongly recommended to fellow-fans for reading on days when the grounds are too wet for a game), he sententiously says that his Giants won the World Series last year because the management strove hard to find out faults and correct them; and when he was asked by a man high up in world affairs to say who made the best player, the college boy or the ignorant young fellow from the town lots, he replied:

> The college boy, of course, has at the start the very thing the less fortunate fellow has to acquire. He steps right in with the advantage of mental training. With the same amount of natural common sense behind him the college boy has a full two years' jump on the town lot boy. The difference is simply this—the college boy, or any one with even a partially trained mind, immediately tries to find his faults; the unschooled fellow usually tries to hide his.

Thank you, Chief McGraw. There *is* something in education, after all.

## GOVERNOR SMITH BURNS HIS BRIDGES

PERHAPS because it is the biggest State and has the greatest seaport and is conscious of its own power and diversified character, New York is apt to think of itself as the principal part of the Nation, and to think what it does the Nation does, or to ignore what the rest of the Nation thinks. The action of the Legislature and Governor in attempting to avoid responsibility for enforcing prohibition is in line with other events in New York's history. It was with difficulty that New York was induced to enter the Federal Union. It was in New York that the draft riots occurred. It is now in New York that the first attempt has been made to break down the prohibitory law—or at least to weaken it.

In signing the repeal of New York's prohibitory law, Governor Smith must have recognized that he was striking a heavy blow to any hopes which he and his friends might have that he could receive the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. The South is dry territory, and the South can veto any nomination in the Democratic Convention. Lincoln by standing by his convictions in his debates with Douglas lost a United States Senatorship, but he gained a greater office and a more enduring fame. Governor Smith by standing by his convictions may have increased his popularity in his home State—possibly chiefly in his home city—but he has placed a stumbling-block on the highroad which his friends had hoped might lead from the sidewalks of New York to the White House. We believe that Governor Smith must have seen clearly the ultimate implications of his act, and we acknowledge the measure of the courage in this deed of political renunciation.

Governor Smith says that his action in signing the repeal of the State prohibitory law is not a nullification; for nullification is "the action of a State intended to abrogate within its limits the operation of a Federal law." He points out that this repeal does not affect the Federal law or "lessen the obligation of peace officers of the State to enforce in its strictest letter the Volstead Act." He likens, however, the Volstead Act to any other Federal law, saying there is no more reason for the State to enact a law in accordance with the National Prohibition Act than there is to enact any Federal law into a State statute. What Lincoln would have said of this argument may be judged by a quotation from his debate with Douglas on September 15, 1858. Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler cited this quotation in urging a gubernatorial veto:

> What do you understand by supporting the Constitution of a State, or of the United States? Is it not to give such Constitutional helps to the rights established by that Constitution as may be practically needed? Can you, if you swear to support the Constitution, and believe the Constitution establishes a right, clear your oath without giving it support? Do you support the Constitution if, knowing or believing there is a right established under it which needs specific legislation, you withhold that legislation? Do you not violate and disregard your oath? I can conceive of nothing plainer in the world. There can be nothing in the words "support the Constitution" if you may run counter to it by refusing support to any right established under the Constitution.

In the present instance, moreover there is an added reason for givi State aid to a Federal law. Gover Smith overlooks or ignores the pe liar provision of the Eighteen Amendment which, by placing its enforcement under the concurrent thority of the Nation and of States severally, places a respons ity upon the States for statutory operation with the Nation, whic unlike anything else in the Const tion. To the extent, therefore, the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Ac an abandonment of its concur duty with the Nation's duty it is that extent and to that degree Consti tutional nullification. If all the States followed New York's example, the purpose of the Constitutional Amendment to create a partnership betwee the Nation and the States in enfor ing prohibition would be thwarted.

In the name of States' rights Go ernor Smith has undertaken to give to New York an independent positio concerning prohibition. The result, he points out, is that the enforcem of prohibition in New York wil left wholly to the Federal law. T who think that prohibition b National Constitution is an i of the State's privileges will faced with the dilemma. guise of asserting St

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will be in New York, not only an increase of Federal power, but actually in this one respect a monopoly of Federal power.

Governor Smith complains that the Mullan-Gage Law placed citizens in double jeopardy for the same offense. This sounds strangely from one who emphasizes as Governor Smith does the marked distinction between Federal sovereignty and State sovereignty. The more that distinction is emphasized, the more obvious it is that a violation of a State law is not an identical offense with the violation of the corresponding Federal law. Governor Smith's own theory of the rights of the States destroys his argument about double jeopardy.

The real truth of the matter is that Governor Smith signed the repeal, not because of any theories about double jeopardy or the relation between State sovereignty and Federal sovereignty, but because he does not like prohibition. He says so very frankly. He wants light wines and beers sold legally. As he expresses it, "The definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one." He asserts—and we are convinced that he asserts honestly—that the saloon "is and ought to be a defunct institution," but it is evident that he would like to have some place where light wines and beers can be sold in accordance with the law. He objects to the one-half of one per cent alcoholic content as a maximum. In other words, he wants more alcohol in legal drinks. That percentage, by the way, was not put into the law by fanatical prohibitionists. It was a standard already established by the liquor interests. It was the liquor trade that urged and secured the adoption of one-half of one per cent as the test for liquors which could not be sold without a license. This standard was in the interest of the liquor trade under the license system. It is not in the interest of the liquor trade under a prohibitory system. That is all there is to this objection to one-half of one per cent, and Governor Smith has been unfortunate in allowing himself to fall into the error of identifying it with a plea for honesty.

Governor Smith makes it clear that the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law will not bring back light wines and beer. It will thus disappoint the liquor trade so far as they had any illusion, the aspirants for prospective positions as bartenders, and all those who have been looking for the restoration of the saloon in some form. How far it will actually weaken the enforcement of the Volstead Act in New York remains to be seen. As it brings cheer to the bootleggers it is injurious to the spirit of law enforcement and will encourage attempts to make violation of law safer in other States. So far as we can see, it serves no good purpose whatever.

# WHAT THE ITALIANS THINK OF THE GERMAN SITUATION

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ITALY

### BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

#### ITALY AND FRANCE

ITALY is bound both to Germany and France.

With Germany the bonds are economical and commercial. Italy depends mostly on Germany for coal and iron; during the war the absence of the German supply sent the price of coal here up to $150 a ton.

With France the bonds are racial and political. In more than one sense France is Italy's natural ally. Yet France and Italy are sharply critical of each other.

Some criticisms may be attributed to racial and commercial jealousy. This is felt more strongly in France than here, I think; it has to do with the French standstill in population and the Italian increase, so that now Italy's population well outdistances that of France; it has also, and in particular, to do with the Italian increasing preponderance in the Mediterranean carrying trade, with its consequent reflection at Genoa and Marseilles.

Here in Italy the criticism of France is mainly political. From the older folk criticism may be attributable to the still lingering resentment concerning what Italy considers very sharp French practice in acquiring Tunis nearly half a century ago.

Criticism of France is also due to indignation at the French allegation that in the late war Italy did not know how to triumph at Vittorio Veneto until France showed her!

Criticism too grows out of amazement here at French reluctance to consider Italy the equal of France. For instance, the French Parliament's main reason for not ratfying treaties signed by the French representatives in Washington in February, 1922, is, I learn, that those treaties put the French and Italian navies on the same level!

Less justified criticism is due to the belief that France is secretly seeking imperialistic ends, to Italy's detriment. The friends of France here, however, understand how inapplicable to her are the charges of either imperialism or militarism.

#### GERMANY AND FRANCE

Like the English, the Italians are in a position to take a decidedly detached view of the German situation in general, and of that in the Ruhr in particular. And, as in England, so here, there are opposing opinions.

I have two Italian friends. They reflect the opposing opinions held in this country. The first man you might call pro-German, though he is not so much pro-German as anti-French. The other man you might call pro-French, but, here again, he is not so much pro-French as anti-German.

Viewing Germany, the first man sees sixty million people moved to desperation by French extortion. Viewing France, the second man sees forty million people moved to despair by German evasion.

The first man contemplates a generally impoverished Germany. "Even before the Ruhr occupation," he says, "there were some two million Germans either without employment or working on very reduced time. There is acute suffering among the families of these men and of all unskilled laborers, especially among those who have cruelly lost their work because of the French occupation. There is even greater suffering among the skilled laborers, and most of all among the professional classes, whose restraint and modesty keeps its poignancy from being generally known."

The second man does not deny these facts, but notes some additional ones. "The same things are true in France,

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but some things true in Germany one does not find in France. German fields, forests, and factories remained intact during the war. Among the German propertied classes, deriving their incomes either from agriculture or industry, there has been not only little suffering, but often unwonted prosperity. This is so not only in unoccupied Germany, but even under the very eyes of the French along the Rhine and the Ruhr. German industrialists there have been making gigantic efforts to produce and are producing at proportionate profits. German production, now somewhat checked, indeed, by the French occupation, has been going ahead by leaps and bounds. Contrast all this with conditions in France. Her most important economic region was laid waste by Germany, who, conquered in war, has not had the good faith to keep her promises as to reparations. The result is that France has had to borrow from her own hard-hit people the hundred billion francs and more necessary for the most elementary reconstruction of those districts."

REPARATIONS

This brings us at once to the subject of German reparations. The pro-German gives four reasons why Germany has not been able to meet the engagements she made two years ago:

"The first of these reasons is the tremendous demoralization and fall of the German monetary unit, the mark. Here in Italy this seems peculiarly dreadful, because the Italian monetary unit, the lira, has been relatively stable. We admit that we are scandalized at the German Government's panic in working its currency printing-press night and day. There are now over six trillion paper marks in circulation, of which at least two-thirds have been printed since the occupation of the Ruhr."

"The acceleration of the fall of the mark," asserts my pro-French friend, "was made possible by some of the industrialists and profiteers in Germany; they have so manipulated issues of the mark as always to insure a wide margin between the respective index figures of imported and domestic goods, thus reaping vast profit for themselves, and proportionately cheating Germany's creditors. These industrialists, rather than the whole German people, should be compelled to furnish German reparations."

"The second reason why Germany cannot pay the promised reparations," says the first man, "is to be found in the army of the unemployed and the consequent checking of production, due to the French occupation. This army of the unemployed has become so great, indeed, that industrial magnates and employers of labor in Germany have begged their Government, not in vain, for subventions so as to pay idle workmen and keep off starvation."

"Yes," replies the other man, "and this from the magnates who have sent vast sums abroad, and who in other ways have evaded the taxes and responsibilities of German citizens. Those taxes would have paid some of the reparations. Even now not a few German critics are questioning as to where all the money goes that has been made over to the industrialists for the protection of labor, and the popular view inclines to the belief that some of it leaks into speculation in dollars, pounds, etc."

"The third reason why Germany cannot pay the promised reparations," suggests the first man, "is to be found in the vast stocks of finished products, as well as of raw materials, blocked there." The second man contents himself with, "But that is a sword which cuts both ways."

"The final reason," says the pro-German, "is that unoccupied Germany cannot get coal from occupied Germany, and, as the Ruhr is the chief source of supply, Germany must now import coal from England."

"But it always has been cheaper along the North Sea border to import coal from England," protests the other. "Some Germans would like it to appear that their resistance is now at the mercy of the English mining interests, and even that their resistance might crumble if the English interests did not afford credit. To this the English reply that they have sold for cash only."

NEW METHODS OF PAYMENT

"If the old methods of payment agreed upon cannot work," the pro-German remarks, "perhaps new ones can. The latest is Germany's proposal of May 2, based on the increasing dislocation of her capacity to pay. By making this proposal Germany has everything to gain and nothing to lose. France and Belgium may reject the terms. Very well. Germany has indicated a new scheme, has she not, a new solution? It will start movements here, there, everywhere, in Germany's favor. On the other hand, take the position of France and Belgium. They summarily reject the scheme. Again very well. Every one expected that they would. There is no surprise. But note well that the summary rejection may start movements also here, there, everywhere, against France and Belgium, on the ground that they want no settlement at all—indeed, that their firm intention is to keep the question unsettled by constant refusals as long as possible just so as to keep Germany from recovery. Make no mistake, men in many places will interpret this summary rejection as tantamount to a declaration of war. Especially should this be so regarded in your America, because of the German offers to submit to an international, impartial, non-political commission, such as your Secretary Hughes has recommended, the determination between the amount offered and the minimum amount acceptable to France and Belgium."

My other friend rejoins: "On the contrary, most men in most countries will interpret the German offer as tantamount to declaring that Germany expects to be bound no longer, either by the Treaty of Versailles, ratified by her in 1919, or by the scheme of payments which in 1921 she promised to make to the amount of 132,000,000,000 gold marks. This latest proposal of 30,000,000,000 gold marks (absurdly short of the minimum Germany could raise even now) would not only supersede the foregoing conventions, but is simply derisory. It cannot have been made seriously. Certainly it was not made to win French and Belgian acceptance, or even to secure some basis of negotiation with them. It was simply a bid for support among pro-German simple, misguided folk here and in England and America—as you say, 'here, there, and everywhere.' So far from presenting new ideas, as you suggest, it is simply a clumsy and impudent attempt to return to the plan of payment proposals at a quarter of the rightful amount, a plan indeed which so far has yielded so poor a result.

"As to Germany's proposal to submit the question to a neutral commission, we in Italy can sympathize with French and Belgian reluctance on the ground that neutrals could never appreciate the national interest of those who have suffered from the German invasions (did not we from the Austrian?). Hence they judge the question more commercially than politically.

"As to any other suggestion, I would call your attention to one made by a high authority, and to the way it has been received here. Some foreigners call us Italians children, just because our manners are more naïve than you find in the colder countries to the north. Yet our financiers are not as naïve as the English, if the recent statement of a great London banker is an example. 'Whatever amount Germany will have to pay,' he is quoted as saying, 'credit will be required. Hence as a purely commercial proposition Britain and America, anyway, should be prepared to cooperate. Given stabilization of the mark, adequate security will be offered in Germany if, in addition, German reparation bonds bore the recipient nation's indorsement on account of reparation. They would be attractive and marketable.' Even we childlike Italians smile at such a suggestion.

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In other words, if Germany did not pay, then the recipient nations—Italy, for instance—would!"

BOLSHEVISM

"Well, if the Powers do not come to Germany's aid with reparation bonds and loans, she will go Bolshevist," asserts the pro-German. "If she does, and the world is upset by a Bolshevist advance infinitely more menacing than that in Russia, the Powers will have to bear the responsibility."

"But we have had our own experience in Italy with Bolshevism, and in a far more intimate way than anything likely to occur in Germany," replied my other friend. "The Latins are a more impressionable race than are the Teutons, anyway, and the Bolshevist campaign here, several years ago, made great headway. It was engineered with skill. It went as far as it could. Italy had her experience. Having burned her fingers, she now dreads the fire. If this has happened in Italy, with her tendencies toward disintegration, the experience of Germany, with contrary tendencies, should be even more striking and summary. Little sympathy for Germany along these lines is evoked here.

SECURITY AND GUARANTIES

"In the ultimate analysis, any particular sum to be paid by Germany is not of as great importance as are the guaranties therefor and as is the question of security and its guaranties. In this connection," the pro-French Italian continued, "two things are evident. Germany demands that the Ruhr be evacuated before she will stop her passive resistance. Moreover, you see no specific, concrete mention of guaranties. That really means that Germany does not want to give any guaranties at all, and distinctly wants to end the guaranty which France and Belgium now hold in the Ruhr."

"Can you not see," replied the other, "that Germany's ability to pay is predicated on borrowing? Now who will lend her money as long as there is the probability of a new invasion by France? Moreover, without settling the future security of the Franco-German frontier, how can creditors estimate Germany's capacity to pay, or even the stability of values underlying the payments?"

"No," comes the reply, "Germany must submit to France and Belgium a positive, concrete, categorical, reasonable statement of what she really can and will pay in money and in kind and follow this by a statement of what pledges she will give. This on the financial side. But on the political side the pledges or guaranties are of at least equal moment. France and Belgium demand, not only reparation, but the assurance that they will henceforth be left in peace. Only so can Germany modify the world's judgment that she is evading everything possible in her rightful reparations."

THE RUHR

As to the advisability or non-advisability of the French and the Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, there are also two distinct opinions in Italy. The first and probably prevailing opinion is the pro-German's. He declares: "Politically most Italians are against the occupation. We foresaw that, so far from disintegrating Germany, it would unify her, and it has done so. Economically, too, we are against the occupation. It is an act of folly. It will cost more than it can possibly return in value. Besides, it will bring misery to millions of unoffending people because of the necessary and natural strikes and passive resistance begun by popular initiative."

"Popular initiative nothing," replies my other friend. "We know that orders for resistance came direct from Berlin."

"In all fairness and justice, I must now say," admits the pro-German, "that most Italians concede the legal right of France to collect the full reparations due. We certainly have a selfish reason in this, for France has announced that in her Ruhr operations she aims to create no privileged position for her creditors, but to cover all the reparations due. That means ours. Certainly we ought to have no objections if the French pull our chestnuts out of the fire. How to reconcile this, however, with our disapproval of the expediency of the Ruhr occupation—that is the question. So there was no other course for the Italian Government than that of benevolent neutrality—benevolent because our Government experts, along with the French and Belgian experts, went into the Ruhr to estimate the coal resources there, even though Italy did not participate in the military occupation."

"If Italy could have so participated, still more could England have participated," adds the other. "Germany would now probably be doing what she certainly will have to do some day. We know this because we can observe the gradual exhaustion of German resistance, both financially and economically. The first is already glaringly evident in the dissipation of the monetary reserves, and the second is becoming evident in the increasing crisis in production. 'Vorwärts,' the Berlin Socialist organ, sees this, even if other German papers do not. On April 9 it said: 'Passive resistance has reached its culminating point. Our Government should have the courage to make a decision and to try to negotiate before being compelled to capitulate.'"

"German resistance will last longer than is generally supposed," prophesies the first man. "First, there has been unexpected discipline and restraint among all classes of the German people. Second, the Germans recognize, as do we, that the present deliveries of German coal in France and Belgium are much less than those before the Ruhr occupation. It will now be hard to increase them, owing to the lack of French and Belgian technicians and laborers. Moreover, deliveries have mostly been made from the stocks accumulated near the entrances to the mines. When these are exhausted, delivery will be far more difficult."

"German restraint has been matched by the generally exemplary conduct of the French and Belgian troops of occupation," contends the second man. "It is true that German resistance is proving greater than was expected by most. But it is also true that the financial burden is much heavier for Germany than for France and Belgium, and that the continuation of the contest must mean victory to the French and Belgians. The main thing sought, however, is not so much reparations, or even security, as it is to break that stubborn, bigoted German will, which has never acknowledged that Germany began the war or was really defeated in the war or is sorry for the war or means to atone for the war, as any decent vanquished foe should. Thus it is that France and Belgium remain firm in their principles of requiring full reparation payments and frontier guaranties and of not admitting foreign mediation. When Germany shall have completely complied with these terms, there will be an evacuation of occupied territory, and not till then."

The pro-German concludes: "The sympathy for Germany, which I have endeavored to express, voices, I believe, the spontaneous sympathy of Italy for a great nation misrepresented in the war. With Germany we will always have to be on intimate economic terms, anyway. We expect to be again on more intimate political terms with her because, despite the war (in which Austria was Italy's foe far more than was Germany), we can never forget what a good political as well as commercial friend Germany was to us in other days and would be again. While Italy expects France and Belgium to receive all possible reparations, just as she expects to receive her own, she does not want these to be wrung from Germany, if they mean German economic ruin, or even a present Italian disadvantage."

"As an indication that this may not be the case," I broke in, "when I was in the Ruhr recently I saw about as

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many coal trains leaving that region destined for Italy and Switzerland as for France and Belgium. The same proportion may not exist now, but it was good politics for France and Belgium to begin that way."

"But they are doing even better now," said my other friend. "Read this morning's 'Messagero.' Italy has received more average coal from the Ruhr than before the occupation."

Rome, May, 1923.

# AMERICA AND THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

THE most interesting question now being asked about the European situation is, "What is America going to do about it?" The usual answer is, "Nothing." But that is the reply to quite a different question, "What does America want to do about it?"

Now, as in the early years of the Great War, it is known to be only a question of what America is going to do, and when. The "when" is as important as the "what." We gather from Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" that in 1914 the United States nearly came into the war on the side of Germany. In 1917–18 nothing short of victory would have stopped the impetus of the tremendous economic, naval, military, and financial forces that were thrown into the balance against Germany, when the true issues at stake were at last understood.

We are constantly being told that most Americans want to have done with Europe once for all; that some are descended from people who crossed the Atlantic because they had no use for European institutions and methods, and that the remainder left Europe themselves for the same reasons. After experiences which we have gone through since the armistice in 1918, there are plenty of people in Britain who hold similar views about Continental Europe, but the English Channel is only twenty miles across. Part of Britain is now within gun range of Continental soil. Nearly all of it is within range of bombing airplanes, not to mention the more vulnerable airships. New York is three thousand miles from Europe, and, from the defense point of view, can take the detached view of European affairs that was taken by Britain at certain periods in her history.

When we turn from defense to economics and finance, we get quite a different aspect. These factors take little or no account of distance, and will take less and less account of it as means of communication continue to improve and populations increase. There lies the rub. The people in Britain are already so crowded that they cannot even support their existence without oversea trade, which forces them out of a policy of "splendid" or of any other sort of isolation. World markets are essential, and Europe, whether we like it or dislike it, remains a not unimportant portion of the world. By increase of population and by greater dependence upon world markets and resources America is being driven along the same road, willingly or unwillingly. Ethical motives, especially the desire, shared by Britain, to abolish the idea that force is the sole arbiter between nations, are working in the same direction and forcing the pace. America is being obliged to take her part, possibly the leading part, in world questions, both ethical and economic.

We can leave economics to experts for the present, and glance for a moment at the ethical or moral aspect, but it is well to note in passing thereto that Europe (including Britain) is woefully ignorant about America. This was proved at the time of the treaty making, when President Wilson's lead was followed because it was believed that he had his people behind him. That mistake caused the interminable delays in treaty making and ratification which have brought about all the present trouble and distress in Europe and in the Middle East.

International ethics, the influence, if any, of the moral factor in international relationship, is a subject that has filled many books, and will fill many more. The process of evolution, which has led human beings, from the original cave man to the family, the tribe, and to larger groups in succession, to establish and obey law in their own interests, will some day teach the still larger group, the nation or the state, to do the same. It is only a question of time, of which evolution takes little account. First comes the law, then combination between the law-abiding for its enforcement. Idealists over and over again in the history of the human race have tried to hasten the process. Advances have sometimes been made, followed by temporary relapses, as in all evolutionary processes.

The coming of voluntary obedience to law into the evolutionary process has been well expressed by the American poet W. H. Carruth:

> A fire-mist and a planet,
> A crystal and a cell,
> A jelly-fish and a saurian,
> And the cave where cave men dwell;
> Then a sense of law and beauty,
> And a face turned from the clod,
> Some call it Evolution,
> And others call it—God.

Certain idealists, who were also practical men with experience in handling affairs of state, introduced the League of Nations Covenant into the peace treaties with the same object in view. The geographical distribution of the 32 signatories of those treaties is of interest. Ten were European, 13 were American in its wider sense, 5 were Asiatic, 2 were African, and 2 Australasian. Finality was not claimed by the framers of the Covenant. It was put forward designedly as an elastic instrument, framed in terms capable of adaptation to the results of experience gained in its use. When the time arrived for ratification, the verdict of the people of the United States on the Covenant was adverse and decisive; some thought that it had been killed thereby, but it still holds the field as providing the only permanent machinery for substituting law for unbridled force as the arbiter in international affairs. In direct conflict with the figures which I have given above about the geographical distribution of the signatories of the Peace Treaties, it has been alleged of late that the chief objection in America to the Covenant (which was embodied therein) is that it is purely European in origin; that Americans, for reasons given, have had enough of Europe, but are coming round to the idea of a world-wide organization for framing a Law of Nations, and ultimately for devising measures for its enforcement. The speeches of Senator Borah, recognized as a strong opponent of the League of Nations (but an equally strong supporter of the ideals which it embodies), are being studied with great interest on this side of the Atlantic in this connection.

Meanwhile Europe is drifting from bad to worse. Security of territory, upon which economic development depends, is unattainable as long as the rule of force alone prevails. The result is the crushing burden of armaments, which are expected to provide that security in face of the teachings of history that competition in armaments must culminate in war, and ultimately in ruin. This unproductive expenditure and waste of effort is killing industries, and with that comes the power of paying for imports or of settling international indebtedness.

Europe, as Professor A. F. Pollard has pointed out, is much in the state that England was in the days of Henry II, when the barons wrested

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land from each other by force and only the strongest could keep possession. Henry, being more powerful than any baron, proclaimed that land tenure must be by legal title, and not by force alone. Occupiers were given security. Internecine strife was forbidden, and the law, once established, thereby came into its own.

Whether for ethical or for economic reasons, the overwhelming interests of America prescribe that European nations shall cease their senseless and suicidal strife. It may be that, had America supported the League Covenant, the combined force of the League would already have done for Europe what Henry II did for the English barons. For reasons not fully understood in Europe, but doubtless all-sufficing, America will have nothing to do with the League. What, then, is to be the substitute for securing a world settlement, for establishing some form of law, and for its enforcement when established? Europe is only part, at present the most turbulent part, of the whole. The European situation is really a world situation, of which America, as a producing country, is forced to take notice. The question of all others, then, in view of the entwinement of world economics and industries, is, "What action, in her own interests, is America going to take?"

# PROSPECTS OF THE BALDWIN GOVERNMENT

BY P. W. WILSON

THE Premiership of Stanley Baldwin shows that the basis of democracy in Britain is, at the moment, unsettled. As long as the suffrage was limited, the two historic parties could be firmly organized. But the new franchise, inclusive as it is of women and of many millions of young men whose memory begins with the war, is in the main outside any recognized fold. The percentage of those who vote at all is low, and behind the election returns there lies a vast hinterland of political indifference. The older leaders have thus lost their grip of the domestic situation. Asquith, Grey, Haldane, Churchill, Lloyd George, Horne, Birkenhead, Buckmaster, Balfour—they are all out of it. And no party machine can poll one-third of the voters on the register. And a sudden emotion sweeping the country overthrows political strongholds that had been deemed impregnable.

The Cabinet itself reflects this chaos. It is supposed to be Die Hard or extreme Tory and Protectionist. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be Reginald McKenna, a Liberal free trader. Another Liberal, Lord Crewe, is Ambassador at Paris. A third, Lord Novar, is Secretary for Scotland. And Lord Robert Cecil has accepted a sinecure—the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancashire—which leaves him with time free for influencing general policy. Conservative Ministers accept these appointments who would resign if, let us say, Lord Birkenhead, one of their own men, were admitted to the Government.

In the House itself there is reflected the same confusion. Seldom have there been so many "scattering" members, whose attachment to their chiefs is only nominal. The Liberal split has yet to be healed. Some Liberals pledged themselves to vote for the Conservative Government. Others are pledged never to support a coalition. It seems to be clear that in the country Labor is not gaining ground and is divided between those who dine at Lady Astor's with the Prince of Wales and those who sing the Red Song across the green benches of the Commons. Among the Conservatives we find the dissensions which correspond to the quarrels among their leaders. Every one is watching how the future will develop. A newspaper on this side or on that side means more than a caucus. In fact, the landscape disclosed by the fall of Lloyd George explains how it was that he held his office unchallenged. Some kind of trusted dictatorship seems to be still the only solution.

In all three parties there are men who believe that a new coalition is needed and other men who hate the very idea. That is the real split both in the Liberal and the Conservative camps. A coalition means Lloyd George, and, while most people consider that Lloyd George is, like the curate's egg, good in parts, a minority either worship him as angel or defy him as devil. No cause has yet arisen so compelling as to override these personalities.

But, in view of the state of Europe, it may well be that all controversies will be hushed. What England dreads is further war. That was why she dismissed Lloyd George for defying the Turk. That was why she shuddered over Curzon's note to Soviet Russia. And that is why she is uneasy over France. It is no longer a case of argument, but of airplanes. And deplorable as it may be to say it, the facts are plain from debates in Parliament that Britain has now started on a programme of building airplanes to balance the French forces, exactly as twenty years ago she had her programme of building battleships to balance the German forces. The developing competition in aerial armaments is thinly camouflaged by the same diplomatic phrases that did duty when the command of the North Sea was at stake. At the moment, the superiority of the French in the air is overwhelming. And in the British expenditure there is thus to be a large increase.

This situation, adroitly fomented by Lloyd George, has deeply stirred British sentiments and is of course one factor in the King's visit to Italy. The Die Hard mind favors France, and even French measures, in the Ruhr. But, on the other hand, the Die Hard mind will not accept even a French superiority either on the sea or in the air.

As for what the average man thinks, he asks in his blunt way why the French are building planes and talking about hundred-mile guns, just across the Channel, when their debt to Britain is still unpaid.

That the *entente* is not what it was has long been obvious. The trouble with a rivalry in armament is that as it develops it tends to absorb every other issue. Questions cannot be discussed calmly and on their merits. There arise acute recriminations. Pro-Germans and pacifists say that they told us so. And people who are neither adopt the fatalist view that armaments have meant, and always will mean, the use of armaments. The British view is that there are no armaments in Germany and no aircraft worth consideration.

The Russian situation is easier. In the Near East there is also a lull, at any rate on the surface. But the Government must expect fierce criticism in the House of Commons. Unemployment, the deportation of Irish Republicans to Dublin, the question whether poor people shall be charged sixpence to visit the British Museum, pensions for ex-soldiers of the Civil Service—all is grist that comes to the mill of varied opposition. It may be that the most Palmerstonian proposal—intervention on the Ruhr—will come from the most radical quarter, namely Labor, and that we shall see a Die Hard Government preaching that England expects her own country to mind its own business. The Government—any Government—must be opportunist. And the aim of this Government's opportunism will have to be tranquillity if it is to remain in power.

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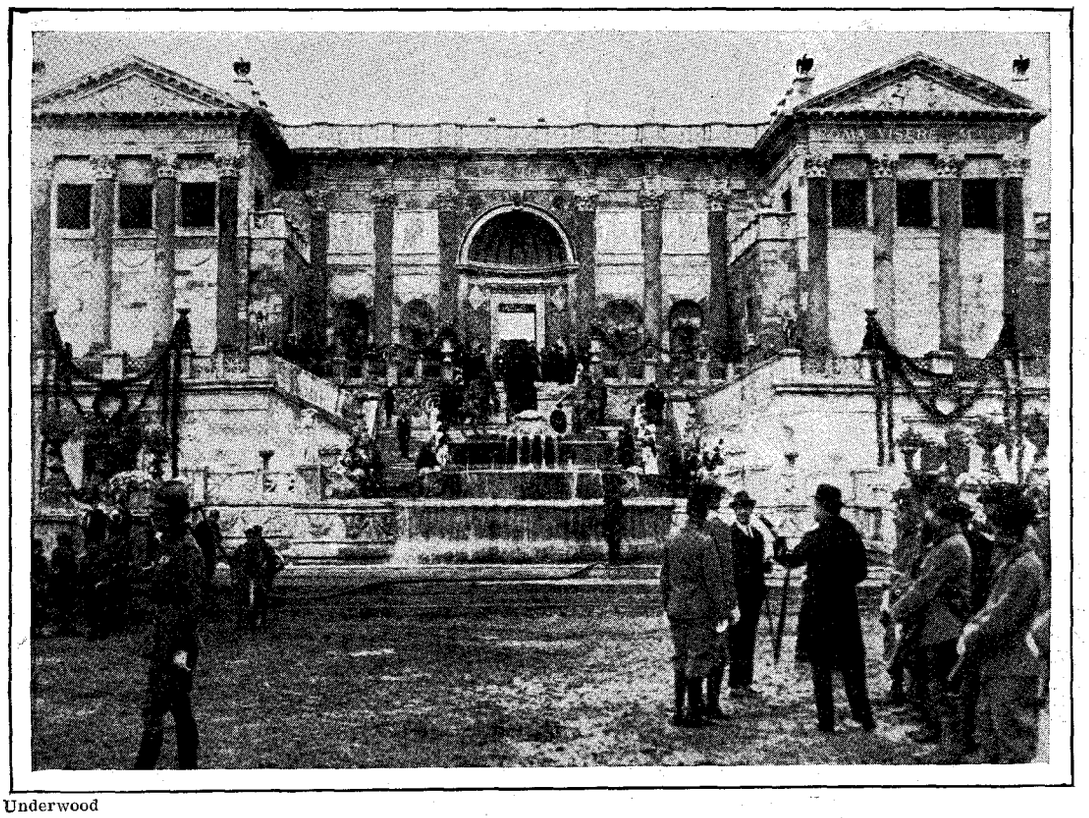

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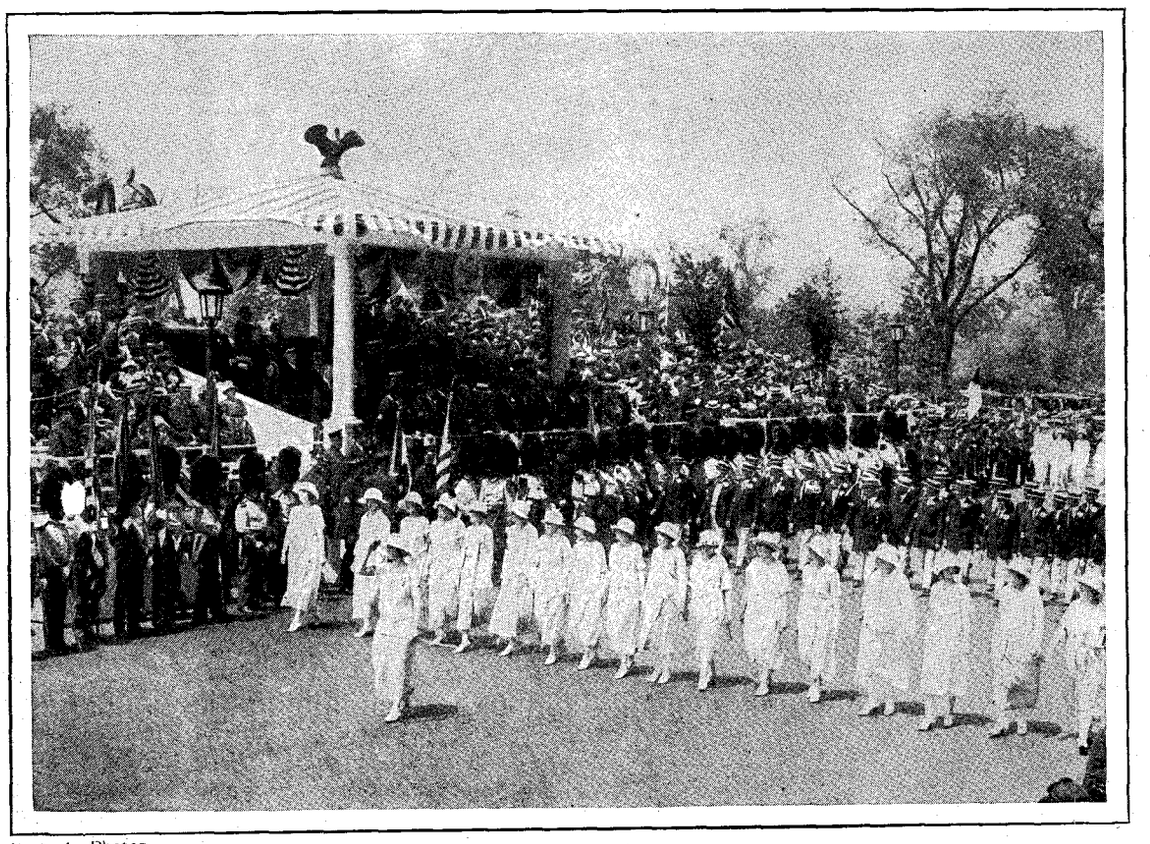
EXPOSITION OF AGRICULTURE, INDUSTRY, AND APPLIED ARTS, IN ROME, ITALY

This exposition, recently opened, is to last until the end of the summer. The photograph shows a classic building reconstructed for the exposition

## NEW YORK CITY'S SILVER. JUBILEE

New York's Silver Jubilee celebration opened May 26 with a civic pageant and parade. This photograph shows municipal employees passing the grand stand at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue •



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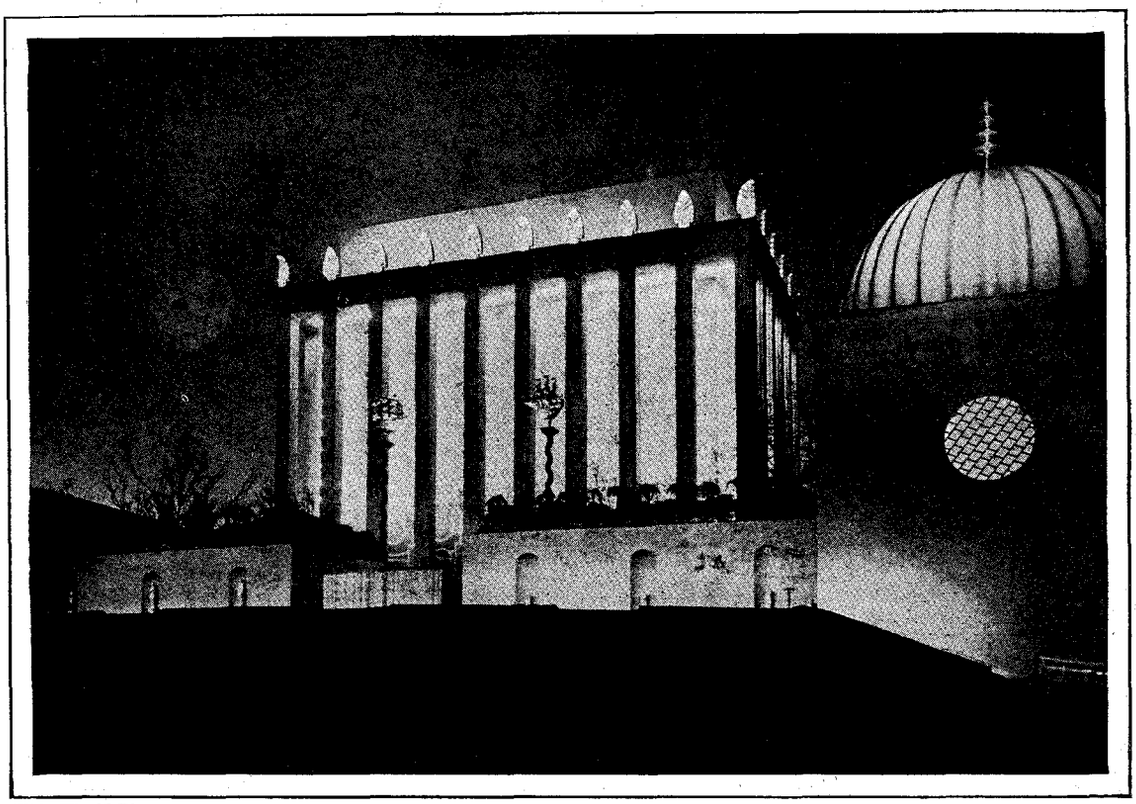
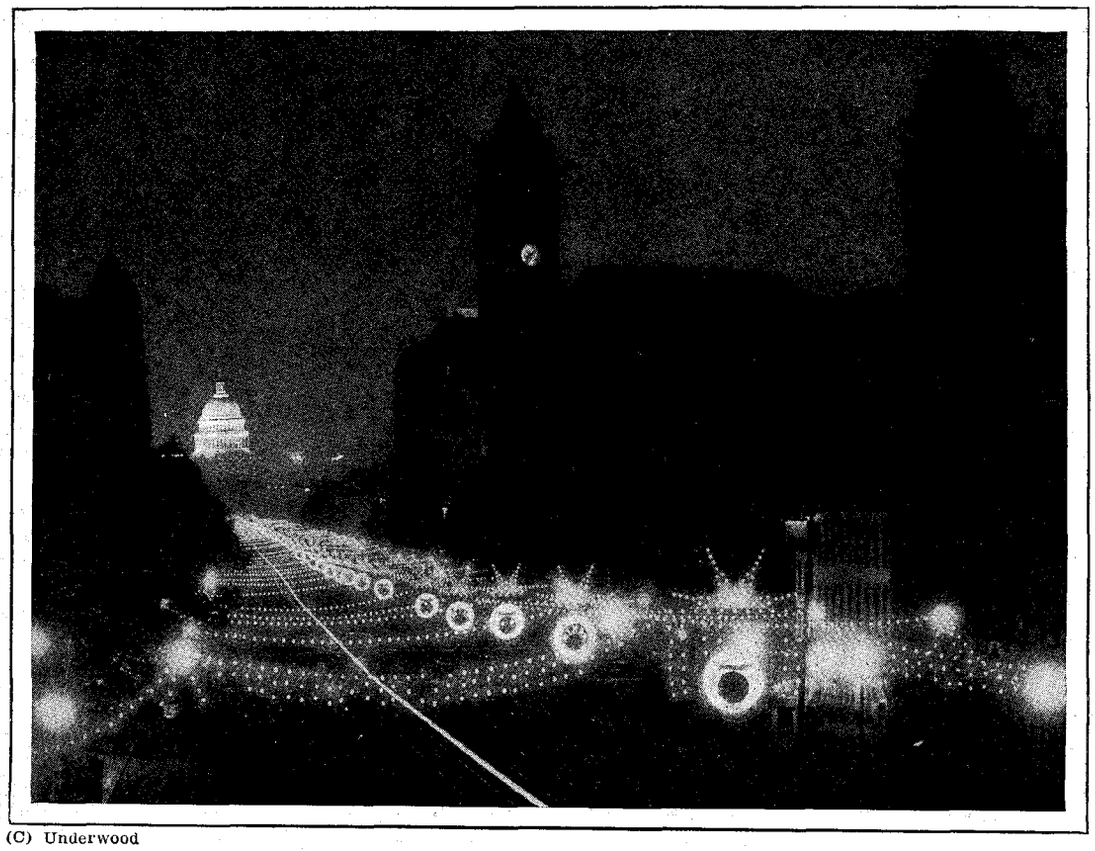
# CELEBRATE



Wide World Photos

TERCENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN

Here is a night view of Memorial Hall, one of the buildings erected for the celebration of Gothenburg's tercentenary, recently opened by the King. Gothenburg, which is the principal city of Sweden after Stockholm was founded in the seventeenth century by Gustavus Adolphus. It was in this city that the "Gothenburg system" of handling the liquor problem originated



(C) Underwood

WASHINGTON, D. C., ILLUMINATED IN HONOR OF THE SHRINERS' CELEBRATION

Pennsylvania Avenue is here seen as it appeared at night illuminated with many thousand electric lamps. This photograph shows the so-called "Road to Mecca," with the Capitol dome at the left

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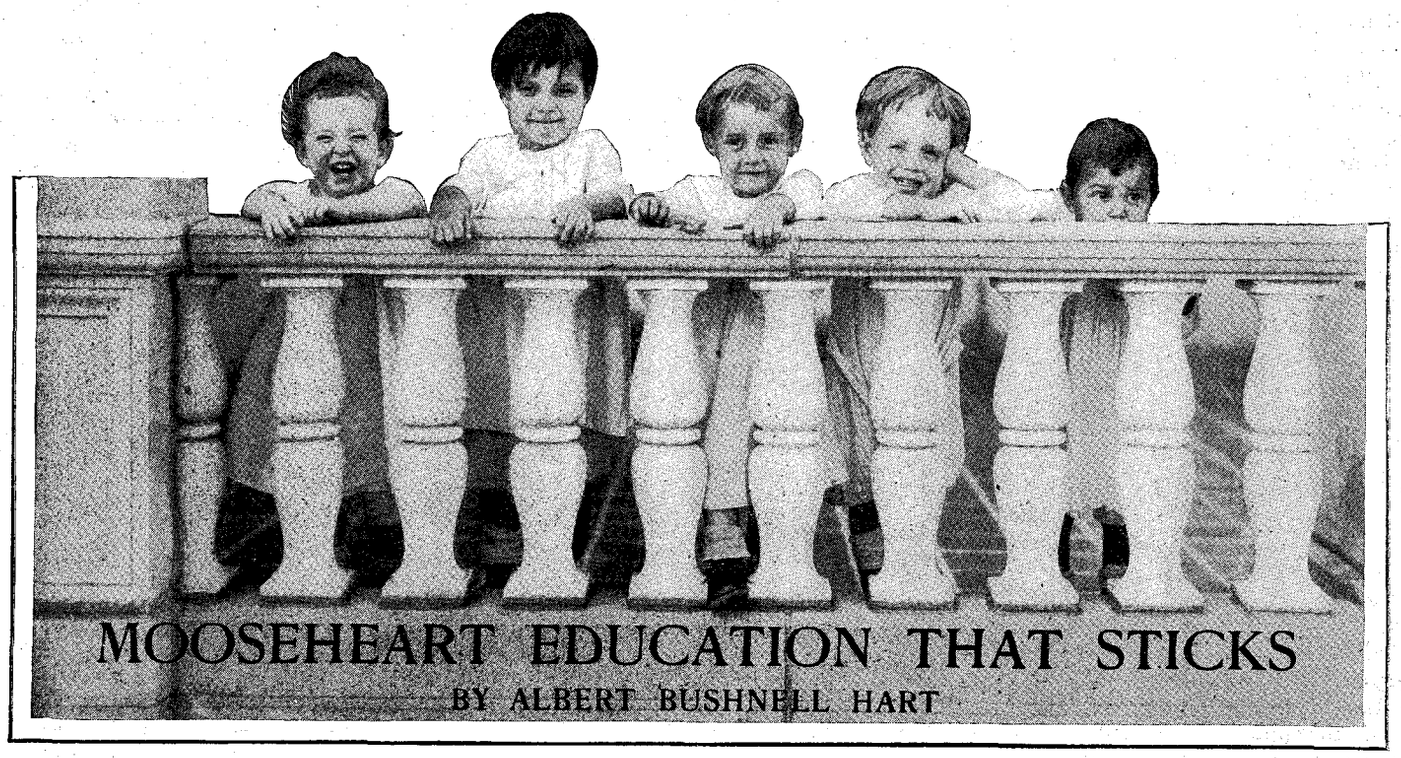

# MOOSEHEART EDUCATION THAT STICKS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

WHAT is the matter with American education? From the kindergarten up come complaints that elementary schools, grade schools, high schools, colleges, technical schools, normal schools, business schools, and professional schools are all failing to graduate the desired proportion of pupils or students that begin with them; nor do teachers, school boards, and faculties feel warm satisfaction with the character and purpose in life even of the graduates.

A watchdog of education, Dr. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, publicly asserts: "It is entirely possible to dissipate enormous sums of money in the name of education, which serve neither to equip children with a body of knowledge nor to train their minds, nor to instruct them as to their duties and rights under the government through which the education is furnished."

It is a fair question whether the public schools really educate as many as half their pupils. Business men are taken aback by finding that graduates of grammar schools and high schools, and beyond that, even of the colleges, are not able to take up a new employment easily, do not know how to carry out directions, and are weak in fundamentals.

The great need of the country is better education for the average run, fair-to-middling, commonplace children who make up the bulk of the population. Special training for geniuses, if you catch them, and special schools for subnormals so far as you can! But for the great body of children an informing, directive, enlarging kind of education that gives them a groundwork for their future life.

The main obstacles to proper education in the United States are lack of health, lack of time, and lack of concentration. Many of the city children are badly fed and poorly cared for at home. A reasonably industrious child of an intelligent family in the ordinary city high school devotes only about one thousand hours a year to school and to school work, which is about one-ninth of the total hours of a year. The old-fashioned culture studies for schools no longer seem to take a grip on the children.

To meet these needs the dry-bones are shaken by the movement toward vocational education, which has captured the public in most of the large cities in the country, and has even invaded the rural schools. The fundamental idea of vocational education is that what the boy and girl do in school should connect directly with what they are to do in life. They seek a practical education.

An outstanding example of this new type is the great vocational school at Mooseheart, Illinois. Its ideals are expressed in the slogan of the founder and inspirer of Mooseheart, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, in the words: "Every boy and girl is entitled to at least a high school education and a trade." That means three things: practical education for girls as well as boys; a thorough academic course; and also a vocational course.

"Ideals"? That is an alarming word for those educational fossils who hold that education is all theory and must be carefully separated from later uses, and for the equally obstructive group which insists that education is all practicality without relation to the needs of mind and soul. Mooseheart is an institution with few parallels in the country. It has even been accused of being like Boston, "not a place, but a state of mind." Actually it is a very upstanding lively place, entered on the map of Illinois, thirty-five miles west of Chicago, on a beautiful slope dropping easily to the Fox River. Mooseheart is a railway station, trolley station, post office, express and real estate offices, farm, village, school-yard, cement factory, press, power house, pleasure city, workshop, an estate of a thousand acres, and at the same time the capital of a great fraternity of men and women.

Mooseheart is the place selected ten years ago by the Governors of Mooseheart, a body of trustees set up by the Loyal Order of Moose, to build and carry on for them a school-home in which the dependent children of departed members of the Order should be entitled to protection, guidance, and preparation for life. In 1916 a superintendent was found in the person of Matthew P. Adams, of New York, who was in harmony with the two sides of the educational work, and at the same time showed remarkable power in building up a community spirit among the children, who are now nearly twelve hundred in number.

Never had anybody better opportunity to do a great work in a new way than the Governors of Mooseheart. Their funds were drawn from a dollar a year—later two dollars a year—paid by every member of the Moose Order, and that sum grew till



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it reached $1,100,000 a year, out of which the plant had to be paid for and the children maintained. The Governors worked under several advantages. The whole plan was entirely free from tradition, for it began at the beginning. The Governors are not restricted by other educational authorities so long as they give as good an education to the children as that of the neighboring country school districts. They have absolute freedom in giving up experiments which do not work out to their satisfaction.

Therefore the work of making Mooseheart has all the pleasure of discovery; it is like finding gold nuggets, bringing electricity down on a kite string, or hearing the first telephone talk. The Order includes among its members a large number of men who work with their hands and whose own education has been brief and rough, but they have nobly stood by this new enterprise. Not the least of the lessons taught by Mooseheart is the success of an appeal to the plain, ordinary American to give his money and personal interest year after year to the ideal of child saving and child training.

Here is an unusual opportunity to show to the people of the United States the possibilities of a great educational principle—namely, the idea that young people can work to advantage with head and hand on the same days. That is an old idea worked out by many schools a hundred years ago. Nor was it a new thought that science, mechanics, business, the industrial and household arts, are educational subjects. The contribution of Mooseheart to American education is its years of demonstration that three big educational things can be done all at the same time—three things which are not often secured in the best schools.

The first is the offer of "a high school education and a trade" to young minds side by side with the academic and the technical branches, to the great advantage of both. The second discovery is that it is perfectly possible for a good high school to carry its boys and girls so far in self-supporting pursuits that they may go out equipped to start in life on their own account, as is necessary for orphan boys and girls who leave Mooseheart at eighteen or nineteen years of age. The third principle is that a large institution carrying on a combined academic and vocational course can at the same time offer the young people a safe, happy, interesting, and absorbing social life.

To bring about these three results Mooseheart is informally organized as a country village. The numerous buildings on the place are grouped in curving streets, which offer building sites for the large structures and break up the checkerboard monotony of most country towns. As in villages, the inhabitants live in separate houses, each with its own household arrangements. The families are larger than is usual, ranging from twelve up to fifty, according to the size of the dormitory. Each of them, however, has its own home life. Most of them are based on the divinely appointed "big brother" and "big sister" principle of bringing the younger and the older children into the same houses with the same family life.

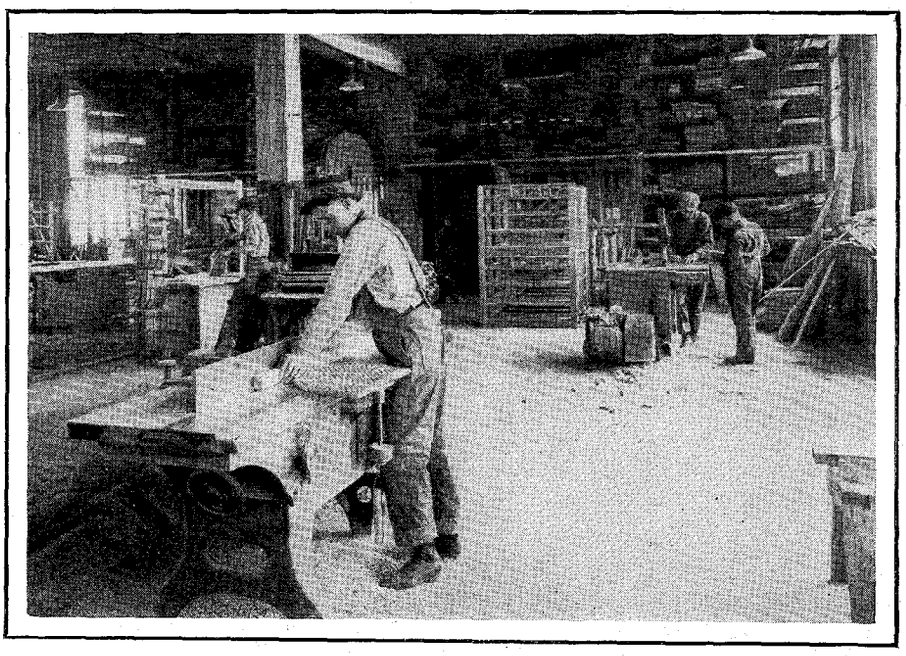
Mooseheart possesses a village department store, a village bank, and an abundance of village recreation space. That means another condition of the best kind of school life—namely, abundance of open air. The place is supplied with playgrounds and athletic fields, and a lake for swimming and woods for camping. This side of life is developed by playground instructors, a community doctor, and a community dentist. A child wakes up in the morning and says he does not feel able to go to school; he is allowed to stay at home, provided he stays in bed. If the temperature goes a degree above normal, he is sent to the hospital, where he stays in comfort and with the best care till he is normal again. That means for Mooseheart a large number of very light ailments taken in time, few severe illnesses, and a very low death rate.

The village has its amusements and social life; its movies, its concerts, its religious services, its match games, its picnics and its pageants. It even has a system of discipline and government, in which the young inhabitants have some share through a representative council.

Perhaps the most direct and conclusive lesson taught by Mooseheart to other schools is the happiness and good temper and well-being of children who are busy all the time. All but the very little children have some part in the housework of their dormitories. Almost all the children are required to attend the daily assembly. It is the general testimony of visitors that nobody ever saw a school in which there was so little snarling, quarreling and back-biting and contention.

This is largely due to the success of Mooseheart in using the whole of every year. The Mooseheart school year is forty-eight weeks, six hours a day; and part of Saturday is occupied by household and other tasks. That is, it offers about one-half more school hours per year than any public school in the country. And what would the Superintendent of Mooseheart do if 1,150 children camped down on his doorstep after a few days of vacation and demanded to know "What shall we do next?"

Mooseheart is an out-and-out vocational school; indeed, Mr. Davis, its head, is also the Chairman of the National Board for Vocational Education, which is carrying on the biggest institution of learning in the world. As a vocational school Mooseheart early begins to turn the minds of the children towards the outdoor life of the farm and the neighborhood. From about the age of eleven all the children take a succession of pre-vocational courses; the boys in various types of farm and garden work, shopwork, draughting, and so on; the girls in typewriting and the arts of the home. In the senior high school, from about fifteen to eighteen years old, every boy and girl follows both the usual academic course and some intensive technical subject, occupying one-half of the school hours for each of three years. The purpose of this special



MOOSEHEART VOCATIONAL CARPENTER SHOP

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vocational work is to place all the boys and girls in such a position that when they go out in the world they may be able from the start to support themselves.

The whole purpose of Mooseheart is to teach young people to be self-reliant; to make their own decisions and to take their place in life.

So far about sixty of the Moosehearters have gone out into the world, and most of them have found work in which their Mooseheart training gives them at least a start. Some of them are eager for higher education, and those boys and a few of the girls are putting forth efforts to make their own way in college or technical school. Of course they are much aided by the wide distribution of the Loyal Order of Moose, which has given them their school education, and which takes a lively interest in the human product of Mooseheart.

No magic has built up Mooseheart. Any city or town or group of parents that desires can combine the ordinary academic education, including the humanity courses in languages and literature and history and government, with vocational preparation for a world of work and effort and personal responsibility. The chief necessities to this end are simple. First, put the children in an outdoor environment. Second, give them the farthest possible benefit of skilled medicine and surgery, and especially sanitation and hospital care as applied to preventive medicine. Third, make a proper use of the hours of the days of the years available for study. Mooseheart experience shows that plenty of time is left for exercise and fun and child life. Fourth, combine in the same school the academic and the vocational work, instead of following the practice of keeping up two schools, which prepare two different types of educated men and women. Mooseheart recognizes but one educational task, which is to educate its children in body, mind, and character.

The Mooseheart plan is a common-sense plan that, once started, carries itself along indefinitely; a cheap plan, because it does so much for the money that it costs; an American plan, because it trains boys and girls to feel themselves a part of the great body of thinking and working men and women who are the bone and sinew of the Nation. The plan is summed up in the six-word motto of Mooseheart—"The School that Trains for Life."

# THE MAGIC BOX

## BY RUTH SAWYER

ALL about the Old North Church of Paul Revere fame lies the Italian quarter of Boston. It stretches like the fingers of a hand, and on the index finger Celestina has her shop. In it she sells Italian confections of all sorts. At certain hours of the day coffee is brewed and you can pick out what you wish from the counter, put it on an adamantine plate, take the cup Celestina draws for you, and settle yourself at a small iron table back of the counter. Here is refreshment rather than a meal; but there is a savor to the air of the little shop and a certain lingering pleasure to the pastries that is sure to bring you back again and again.

Somewhere in the bowels of the street Gabrio bakes from midnight until noon, the Fat Woman from Tuscany assisting. Celestina has for her a good-natured contempt—no dungeon mixing, baking, and sweating for Celestina. She tends the shop with hair as sleek as a raven's wing and two ear-drops of red coral showing beneath it. Over her trim black dress she wears a clean starched apron edged with lace of her own making. You can see her making it behind the counter while she waits for customers, and if you can get her to talk to you her fingers play a pleasing accompaniment. She clicks over the stone floor in beaded black slippers with Italian heels—she knows how to walk, does Celestina, and she is well worth the looking at. I believe Gabrio emerges from the bowels of the street far oftener than is necessary that he may feast his eyes upon her as the customers feast theirs on the color and pattern of his confections. He is proud of his baking, but he is more proud of Celestina. The clicking of her smart little heels makes the finest music for him, and her lips, red as the coral ear-drops, are the flash of color that he carries back with him into his dungeon and his mixing. He is proud, too, of her English.

"She no speaka da dago English licka me, signora. You see—she speaka da Americana English."

Celestina has the true Italian eyes, soft as a seal's or hard as polished jet according to her mood. It is because of these very eyes that I have been made a welcome visitor to the shop and have far more served to me over the counter than the coffee and the Italian pastry that I find exceedingly hard to pay for any longer. I am served friendship of a rare sort and glimpses of that beloved Italy which we foreigners see only through the eyes of those born of her soil. Anecdotes, legends, tales of vendetta vengeance and great bravery; all these for the simple curing of a conjunctivitis—pink eye, you call it. One day I had come upon Celestina with both eyes flaming and sore, and, being unable to persuade her to see a doctor, I passed on a remedy from the man of our house, who happens to make eyes his specialty. Two days later, when I stopped in to see how the remedy had worked, I found Celestina clear eyed and ecstatic, with a special confection waiting me, built up of pastry and candied fruits, all sicklied over with a mound of pale-pink meringue. The man of our house has never received such a glowing fee in all the years of his practice. While I plunged into it Celestina made more lace and talked.

"Magic! It is like that that it work, signora. I put it in one night, and again, as you say, before I sleep, and this morning when I wake it is gone. So simple, and yet it makes me think of an old tale from the northern Apennines. There has always been what you call magic, signora, but what is it? Do you know? Do I know? Maybe it is a few drops of water; maybe a few grains of sand sprinkled with a mumbling of strange words. Something—nothing—that is magic. We laugh at it, but we believe in it just the same. Here is a story that is older than Garibaldi. My grandmother said that her grandmother called it 'The Story of the Magic Box.' It is good to listen, signora, when one has fresh-made coffee to drink and an Italian cake to eat with it."

With a laugh as pleasant as Celestina herself she dropped into the chair across the table from mine and told me what her grandmother had had from her grandmother.

In one of the fertile valleys of the Apennines—north in Emilia—long ago there lived a rich farmer. He had much land. His vineyards were the best pruned and yielded the greatest vintage; his olive grove was watched over with the utmost care and never suffered a frost. His fields of grain harvested more than his neighbors'; his cattle were sleeker and his sheep gave more wool at the spring shearings. Yes, everything prospered with him. On market and fair days his neighbors would wag their thumbs at him and say: "There goes Gino Tomba. His sons will be very rich men one of these days."

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He had two sons. The older was a daredevil who handled a rapier better than a pruning knife and could swing a broadsword with steadier aim than a mattock. Tonio, the younger, was an easy-going, pleasure-loving rascal who knew more about fiddling than he did about winnowing grain. "If I had a third son, he might have been a farmer," old Tomba used to say when he came bringing his skins of wine to the inn to sell. "But we must make the most of what the good Virgin provides," and so he let his older son march off to the wars and set about making Tonio ready to look after his lands when he had gone.

"Hearken to me, boy; I am leaving you as fine an inheritance as any here in the north. See that you keep a sharp eye on it and render it back with increase to your brother. Some day he will grow tired of fighting Tartars and Huns and come marching home."

In less than a twelvemonth old Tomba was dead. Tonio came back from the burying, turned himself once about the farm to make sure it was all there, and settled down to easy living. He made what you call good company. It was—Tonio, come to the fair; and Tonio, stay longer at the inn; and Tonio, drink with this one; and Tonio, dance with that. He could step the tarantella as well as any man in the north, and he could fiddle as he danced. So it was here and there and anywhere that a feast was spread or a saint's day kept; and Tonio, the younger son of old Tomba, danced late and drank deep and was the last to stop when the dawn broke. Often he slept until the sun was already throwing late shadows on the foothills.

The time came when his thrifty neighbors took him soundly to task for idling his days and wasting what his father had saved. Then he would laugh, braggadocio: "Am I a sheep to graze in the pasture or a grain of wheat to get myself planted and stay in my fields all day and every day? The lands have grown rich for my father for fifty years; let them grow rich for me for fifty more. That is all I ask—that, and for my neighbors to prune their tongues when next they prune their vineyards."

But Tonio had asked too much. A place with a master is one thing, but without a master it is quite different. The banditti came down from the mountains and stole his cattle while the herdsmen slept; wolves ravaged his sheep; the bad little oil fly came in swarms and spoiled the olives as they ripened; the grapes hung too long, and the wine was thin and sour. And so it went—a little here, a little there, each year. The laborers took to small thieving—a few lambs from the spring dropping before they were driven in from the pastures for counting; a measure of wheat, a skin of wine, that would never be missed. The barns were not fresh thatched in time, and the fall rains mildewed much of the harvest; the rats got in and ate their share. So, after years of adding one misfortune to another misfortune, there was a mountain of misfortune—large enough for even Tonio to see.

Over one night he became like a crazy man; for over one night he had remembered his brother. Any day he might be returning. At the inn the day before there had been two soldiers fresh from the war, drinking and bragging of their adventures. Another night, and who might not come? Once home, the older brother would be master. First, he would ask for an accounting. And what then? As master he could have him, Tonio, flogged or flung into prison. More final than that, he could run him through with his clever rapier, and no one would question his right to do it. The more Tonio thought about it, the more his terror grew. He started running about the country like a man with fever in his brain. First he ran to the inn and asked the landlord what he should do, and the landlord laughed loud. "Sit down, Tonio, and drink some of my good Chianti. Why worry about your brother now when he may be lying in a strange country, stuck through the ribs like a pig?"

He ran to a neighbor, who laughed louder than the landlord. "Take up your fiddle and see if you cannot play your cattle back in the pasture and the good wine into its skins."

He ran on to his favorite, Lizzetta. She cocked her pretty head at him like a saucy macaw. "Let me see," she laughed, "you have forgotten your brother for ten years, yes? Then come to the inn to-night and dance the tarantella with me, and I will make you forget him for another ten years."

After that he ran to the *padre*, and found him finishing mass. He did not laugh, the *padre*. Instead he shook his head sorrowfully and told him to burn candles for nine days before the shrine of St. Anthony of Padua and pray for wisdom. On the way to the shrine he met the half-witted herdboy Zeppo, who laughed foolishly when he saw his master's face and tapped his own forehead knowingly. "Master, you are so frightened it has made you quite mad, like me." Then he put his lips to Tonio's ear. "Hearken, I will tell you what to do. Go to the old Tzigani woman of the grotto. She has much wisdom and she makes magic of all kinds—black and white. Go to her, master."

In the end it was the advice of the mad herdboy that Tonio took. He climbed the first spur of the mountain to a deep grotto that time or magic had hollowed out of the rock, and there he found the Tzigani woman. She was ages old and withered as a dried fig. She listened to all Tonio had to tell, and left him without a word to go deeper into the grotto, where she was swallowed up altogether in blackness. When she came back at last, she was carrying something in her hand—a small casket bound strongly with bands of brass, and in the top a hole so small it could hardly be seen in the pattern of the carving. She put the box into Tonio's hand and fixed him with eyes that were piercing as two rapier points. When she spoke, it was as if her voice rumbled out, not from her, but from deep in the rocks.

"Every morning, while the dew still lies heaviest, shake one grain of dust from the box in every corner of your lands—barns, pastures, and vineyards. See to it that no spot is left forgotten. Do this, and you will prosper as your father prospered. But never let one morning pass, and never till the day you die break the bands or look inside. If you do, the magic will be quite lost."

That night Tonio did not fiddle or dance with Lizzetta at the inn. He went to bed when the fowls went to roost, and was up at the crowing of the first cock. With the magic box under his arm, he went first to his barns to sprinkle the precious grains; but he found the men still asleep and the cattle unfed. Out of their beds he drove them with angry words. And, still lashing them with his tongue, he watched while they stumbled sleepily about, beginning the day's work. From the barns he went to the fields, and found the grain half cut and none of it stacked. The scythes were left rusting on the ground and the men still asleep in their huts. Tonio scattered more dust, and then drove the reapers to their work.

And so it was in the olive grove, the vineyards, and the pastures. Everywhere he found men sleeping and the work half done. "Holy Mother defend us!" the men said among themselves after Tonio had gone. "The master is up early and looking about for himself, even as the old master did. We shall have to keep a sharper watch out on things or he will be packing us off to starve."

After that every morning Tonio was abroad before the sun, shaking the dust from his magic box into every corner of his lands. And every morning he was seeing something new that was needing care. In a little time the inn and the market-place knew him no more; and Lizzetta had to find a new dancing partner. A twelvemonth passed, and the farm of old Gino Tomba was prospering again. When Tonio came to the market place to sell his grain and wine, his neighbors would wag their thumbs at him

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as they had wagged them at his father and they would say: "There goes Tonio Tomba. His sons—when he marries and they are born—will be very rich men."

And in the end what happened? The older brother never came home to claim his inheritance. He must have been killed in the wars; at any rate, all the lands were Tonio's for the keeping. He married the daughter of his richest neighbor, and had two sons of his own, even as his father had had. And when the time came for him to die he called them both to his side and commanded young Gino to bring him the casket and break the bands, his hands being too weak for the breaking. Raising the lid, he looked in—eager, for all his dying, to discover the magic that the box had held all those years.

What did he find, signora? Under the lid were written these words: "Look you—the master's eye is needed over all." In the bottom were a few grains of sand left, the common kind that any wayfarer can gather up for himself from the road that climbs to the Apennines.

# SAND ON THE DIAMOND

## REMINISCENCES OF A BUSH LEAGUE MANAGER

### BY GILBERT PATTEN

AT least one "ivory hunter" overlooked a good bet in "Bill" Carrigan many years ago when Bill was drawing down his first money on a bush league ball team in Maine. The scout sat in the so-called grand stand of the Camden Ball Park and saw the future catcher-manager of the Boston Red Sox cover first base in place of the regular initial sacker, who was out of the game for some reason, but after the game was over Carrigan wasn't mentioned by the searcher for big league material. The scout evinced interest in one of the pitchers, who was afterwards given a try-out by Connie Mack in training camp. This pitcher had speed, curves, and control, but he was a quitter, and Connie sent him back to the sticks.

Still, let's not be too harsh on the scout. Carrigan was just out of high school, and he showed few of the earmarks of greatness.

I was the manager of that bush league team. (If the pronoun of the first person appears often in the ensuing paragraphs, it will be because the subject-matter is reminiscent, and such reference is not easily avoidable.) If I remember correctly, Carrigan's salary was twelve dollars a week and board. He had a good batting eye, and he often clouted the ball hard, but he was no embryo "Ty" Cobb on the base paths, and he never was fast enough regularly to fill any infield position on that team, although he played all over the lot at various times, except behind the bat. It happened that I never used him as a catcher. He had ambitions to become a pitcher, like most youngsters, and he tried his hand at it with indifferent success the following year.

None of the followers of that old Knox County League team ever dreamed that Bill Carrigan would become a future big league star and doubtless the best strategic fighting manager the Boston Americans ever had. There were many more brilliant and seemingly far more promising youngsters in that club; but Carrigan's blood, like his hair, was red and strong, and he went upward to the top while others fell and withered by the wayside. When somebody told me that Bill had been signed to catch for the Red Sox, I didn't believe it. I thought it must be his older brother, who had a greater reputation in the shrubbery and was supposed to be much his superior. Bill was sandy, like his hair. It counts.

That little four-cornered imitation league turned out one other top-notcher. Maurice Powers, or "Mike," to call him by the nickname bestowed upon him by his friends, to whom his baptismal name probably sounded too ladylike, was a fine, upstanding he-man whose curly hair was the hue of ink. He was a great catcher, and he could make a mediocre pitcher resemble Christy Mathewson. Without shifting his feet an inch after receiving the ball, he could shoot the old pill down to second like a bullet from a rifle barrel. Connie Mack grabbed him off for the Athletics, and he died in harness after catching several seasons for that club.

Only for Powers the Knox County League might have been a three-cornered affair the first season of its life, including Rockland, Thomaston, and Camden. The league never had any real businesslike organization, just a loose, makeshift arrangement, with Rockland, the largest town, always holding the balance of power and always imposing its will on the other places.

At the outset, in order to keep salaries within reasonable bounds, there was a sort of gentlemen's agreement between the club managers that none of them should knowingly attempt to sign up a player that another of the three was negotiating with. Representing Camden, I began communicating with Powers as soon as possible, offering him twenty dollars a week and board. When he intimated that an additional five would probably be satisfactory, I promptly raised the ante and asked an immediate message of acceptance.

After a little delay I received a letter in which he stated that another team had offered him twenty-five, but that he would sign up with Camden for thirty. I had a hunch. I phoned John McGrath, the Rockland manager, inquiring if Powers had approached him. John admitted that such was the case. And Mike had made John exactly the same offer that he had made me, in practically the same language. So we got together, John and I, and signed an agreement that barred either of us from taking him on. Then we sent Mike a telegram informing him where he got off.

I think that telegram put some more kinks into Powers's hair. At any rate, a few days before our little league was to open Mike appeared in Warren, an adjoining mill town of somewhat more than a thousand inhabitants, and with him he had brought six of the best players of the Holy Cross College team, of which he was the catcher. Among those six were Pappalau, a splendid pitcher; Curly, a fast infielder; and Sockalexis, the Indian outfielder, who afterwards berthed with the Cleveland Americans and caused that club to be known as the Indians. After annexing two or three local players to this aggregation, Powers applied for admission to the Knox County League.

Did he get in? He did. Furthermore, to the conviction of practically everybody outside of Rockland, he won the league championship with his Warren team that season, although the pennant went to Rockland. Thomaston didn't last the season out, and when that club disbanded Rockland discovered that she was due to finish no better than second if the Thomaston games were counted. Having, as I said, the balance of power, Rockland called for a meeting of the league directors, and at that meeting, in spite of protests, the Thomaston games were thrown out, putting Camden into third place and Rockland at the top.

Maybe this added more kinks to Powers's hair. Be that as it may, he went after Rockland like a hungry tiger after meat, and when Labor Day, on which the season was to close, came round, with the two concluding games to be played between Rockland and

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Warren, the former place had to win one of those games in order to retain her questionable position and claim the bunting. Warren trounced Rockland nicely on the Rockland field in the forenoon game and gave her a battle royal before a howling mob on the same field in the afternoon. But Rockland nosed out in that final extra-inning struggle. She got the pennant—and what glory went with it.

Powers's hair was black, but he was sandy too.

Sockalexis was an Old Town, Maine, Indian, but when he joined the Cleveland club it was supposed that he came from somewhere out in the wild and woolly. He clouted 'em after the style of "Babe" Ruth—until the pitchers found his weak spot. Some predecessor of Grantland Rice and Heywood Broun wrote a poem about the West turning upside down when Sockalexis slugged the ball. Sock's weak spot was the inside corner, across the knees. I had a little University of Maine pitcher, Bass, who could put 'em there when he was going good, and when the Indian didn't whiff he rolled an easy grounder into the diamond. The American League pitchers found this weak spot after a while, and Sock ceased lifting the sphere out of the lots.

He was one of the best built men I've ever seen, swift as a deer, and a fine outfielder. He once broke the world's record at throwing a baseball, but didn't do it under official supervision, which kept him from receiving the honors. That later Sockalexis who won a reputation as an Olympic runner was his cousin. Sockalexis, the ball player, didn't last long after reaching the Clevelands. National glory on the diamond, together with petting, flattery, and money-given opportunities for self-indulgence, spelled his finish. He succumbed to the white man's evils and plagues.

There were lesser lights who climbed from the Knox County League to minor heights. Besides those who reached the minor leagues in organized baseball, there was Fred Folsom, who became an athletic coach in some Western college; Nate Pulsifer, a Bates lad, who also became a college coach; and Robinson, still football coach at Brown University, as he was before he played with Camden. Every football follower knows what Robinson did with the Brown eleven last season. He is a Boston lawyer.

I signed Robinson for his hitting. He slugged 'em on the ground, and any infielder who didn't want to lose a leg played deep when he was at bat. He did his greatest turn in Knox County on the Labor Day of another season, with Vinalhaven in the league and Camden playing there in the afternoon, after playing at home in the forenoon. Vinalhaven is a granite-cutting and fishing town, located on the seaward end of an island at the entrance to Penobscot Bay. Added to the fact that Camden had already fought out a hard game on that day, the steamer trip of an hour and a half put our players in somewhat ragged shape before they reached the island. The Stone Cutters always were a tough bunch to tackle, and Camden needed that game in order to finish in second position, Rockland having cinched first place.

BILL CARRIGAN, A PRODUCT OF A BUSH LEAGUE TEAM

Paul Thompson

On the Vinalhaven lot I lined up my string of four pitchers and watched them as they warmed up. Foley, who had won for us in the forenoon, was eager to go in again, hoping to make a reputation as an "iron man;" but the breaks had favored him in his last victory, and he didn't appear to be in his best form after that sea trip. So I chose Freddie Logan, a youngster who afterwards played in the New England League. Logan showed speed, sharp curves, and control, and he was keen to do the shooting.

It became necessary for me to go into the ticket-office during the first inning of the game, and I left Robinson in charge of the team. While I was in the little office I heard the crowd roaring, and the roars grew louder and more disturbing. Hurrying forth as soon as possible, I forced my way through a packed mass of standees who were joyously trying to howl their heads off. Before I could break through the cordon I saw Logan standing near the pitching plate, holding the ball and looking like a frozen statue. His face was bloodless and he seemed to be scared stiff. Having completely lost his control, he had issued passes to the first three batters who faced him, and all the cushions were occupied.

While I was still struggling to get out there Robinson walked to the pitcher's position from his place at first base, took the ball from Logan's numb fingers, and sent the young pitcher to the bench. Calling on a substitute to cover first, Robinson took up the pitching. He wasn't a pitcher. He didn't have a curve at his command. All he had was a head on his shoulders, sand in his craw, and an underhand ball which he delivered low

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and sent close across the batter's shoulders or chin. He struck out the next three men with that stuff.

I kept him in. He whiffed their best stickers all through that game. Some of the weaker batters got hits, and the score was tied, 4 to 4, in the sixth inning. Then he went bad for a short time and filled the corners, with nobody out. He stopped and took a drink of water. After refreshing himself in that manner he struck out Vinalhaven's three leading batters in succession. We won, 6 to 4.

The right stuff, and something above his ears. He played with us a short time the following season, but I never could induce him to pitch a ball after his triumph over the Stone Cutters.

One year the Camden team was practically composed of young men who were playing summer baseball in order to help pay their way through college. They made a fine, clean bunch of boys, and that bunch was good enough to win the pennant—anyway, we thought so—if the games had been equally clean in that league. But Rockland had a mixed team of all sorts, a scrappy, cock-a-hoop aggregation that captured games any old way they could, and considered it sportsmanship to do so. Their star pitcher was "Gramp" Morse, a former big-leaguer who had a fighting face and burning speed. Scrap seemed to be his middle name.

We opened the season in Camden on the Fourth of July, and nosed out a victory over Rockland after ten innings of savage playing that nearly made nervous wrecks of some of the spectators. We played at Rockland in the afternoon, and Morse pitched against us. The first time our catcher, MacDermott, of Boston College, came to the plate he caught Morse's first smoker on the end of his bat and laced it over the fence in center field.

That didn't fill Gramp with joy. When Mac next stepped into the batter's box Morse snarled, "Stand back or I'll hit ya!" Mac called attention to the fact that he was in his rightful position, but Morse repeated his threat. Mac didn't move. The angry pitcher put every ounce of steam he had into his delivery, and the ball tore the ligaments away from MacDermott's left elbow. The injury prevented our catcher from getting into the game again that summer. He asked for his release after a week or so.

Morse soon had the whole Camden team scared of him, and Rockland worked him against us regularly. So I wrote a letter to Tim Murnane, then sporting editor of the Boston "Globe" and afterwards president of the New England League, explaining the situation and telling him that I wanted to get hold of the toughest scrapper of a pitcher that could be found at liberty anywhere in the East. In a short time I received a letter from somewhere in Massachusetts, which, as near as I can remember, was about as follows:

> deer Sir mr Mernanne has forward yor leter to Me and ime the verry guy youse lokin for. Hav plad on Som best Sem pro and profesh Clubs anywares in the Countrey and can pitch good enouf to expeC to Hav try out With New york Gints nex season. all roun atelletic and Price Fiter and Hav fite in ringe and defete Som best none Puglists in New eng. Sen transfortason and wil com imedately.
>
> yors C F NICHOLSON.

I sent "transfortason," and he came. He was a sight! He weighed at least two hundred pounds, and he had narrow hips, huge shoulders, long arms, a thick neck, and a big, bullet-shaped head. His hair had been cut "dead rabbit" with clippers, and the back of his head was covered with scars of many patterns. Smallpox had left pits all over his mug. His nose had been broken. He had a wicked eye and a jaw like the prow of a battleship. He looked as though he ate 'em raw. I almost hugged him. If he could only pitch a little!

He could, but his delivery was terrible. Unless he took a long, slow backward swing he couldn't get speed into the ball, and that swing permitted the pilfering of bases *ad lib*. With "Old Nick" on the slab, no catcher could prevent a batter who had reached first from advancing two sacks on the next two pitches, and then the runner might steal home while that battle-scarred relic was going through the motions of his next delivery. But I had other uses for Nick besides pitching.

Camden played in Rockland on the afternoon following Nicholson's arrival. I didn't permit him to show himself in uniform on the field until shortly before the game was to begin. He came out from beneath the grand stand in the roomiest playing suit I could find, which was much too small for him and made him look even bigger than he was. He had split the cap part way up the back seam in order to get it on to his head. While he was warming up, the Rockland players got their heads together and buzzed. The grand stand and the bleachers buzzed. Everybody stared at Nick. Nobody knew him. Even when the umpire announced the batteries for the game no light was shed on the mystery, for the name of Nicholson was unknown to players and fans.

As the first Camden batter walked toward the batter's box Old Nick rose from the bench and strode out as far as the base line, with his eyes fixed balefully upon Gramp Morse, who was on the mound. There was a hush—absolute silence. Having given Gramp the up-and-down and a final glare, with his iron chin protruding, Nick turned toward the spectators and lifted one hand.

"Loides an' gents," he said in the gentle voice of a bellowing bull, "dere won't be nobody hit on dis groun' wit' der ball t'day. SEE!"

There wasn't. Morse was very careful all through the game.

Not a Rockland man reached first base for six innings. In the seventh Nick had an ill turn. He told me he had been seasick coming from Boston on the boat. (He was seasick in several games after that, and even the medicine which he carried with him in a flat pint bottle failed to ward off or cure those spells.) Then Rockland batters began to reach first and ramble onward. Three of them crossed the rubber, and Camden was defeated, 3 to 2. Nevertheless something had been accomplished. Gramp Morse was no longer a terror to our batters.

Old Nick was a bad actor. He was a constant source of trouble and worriment. He was clever with the gloves, he could swing Indian clubs beautifully, and he told tall stories of his pugilistic victories. He avowed that nothing but hard luck and rotten decisions had prevented him from becoming the heavyweight ring champion of New England, and that he surely would have been pitching at that time in one of the big leagues if he had been given any kind of a half-decent show. Once or twice, after he had been taking his medicine for seasickness, he lay down for a nap in the gutter of Camden's busiest street at the busiest hour of the evening. Warnings and threats brought tearful promises of reform, which were never kept.

He didn't last very long with us. His downfall came about on the Warren field. Warren had a shifty little third-sacker, "Ted" Webster, whose favorite trick was to hook his fingers into the belt of a base runner rounding that corner, thus checking the speed of the runner so that he might be put out at the plate. Nicholson was sitting on the bench when the bantam third-baseman thus delayed one of our runners one day. Instantly Old Nick rose with a roar and charged down toward Webster, threatening to annihilate him.

Webster didn't wait for Nick to arrive. He made a rush to meet him. "Get off the diamond, you big piece of cheese," yelled Ted, "or I'll knock your block off!" And he chased Nick back to the bench.

Where Nicholson acquired those apparent scars of battle may only be surmised. There wasn't a grain of sand in his make-up. His sun had set in the Knox County League. He was of no further value to me, and I let him go at the end of that week.

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# THE RELIGION OF THE CAMPUS

## BY A STUDENT AT HARVARD

I SPOKE with a Harvard junior recently, and during our conversation the phrase, "a college man's religion," was heard. I asked him to define it. My friend hesitated long before answering, but what he said at that time has represented for me the essence of the college man's faith. "I don't give a hang for the Ten Commandments; they're *passé*. A man may be able to plead innocent of all those charges and yet not be good—really good. I want a positive religion, something alive and awake, that takes account both of God and man. I guess the Master put it better than I can when he said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself.' That's positive. That's alive and real."

This simple, ungarnished, and uncompromising statement of one student's articles of faith embodies the lofty ideal of the religion of the campus. Maybe the church with its church members, and the lodge with its fraternity brothers, maybe the world with its great thinking and unthinking masses, recognize the same ideal, but that we "curious young folk," with our "mistaken notions and perverted views," should conform at least in ideals, howsoever much we may differ in the interpretation of those ideals—that, truly, is beyond belief!

Speaking with another undergraduate at Harvard, who had reiterated the need of something positive in life as against the "negativeness of commandments, creeds, and church history," I received this reply: "I can't make very clear what I mean by 'positive,' but the story of the prodigal son helps me to see it. I studied that story one summer, and it seems to me that the younger son had six virtues and one vice, and the older son six vices and one virtue. I suppose that sounds funny—too much like a sermon—but you see I've always admired the younger fellow. He was ambitious when he wanted to get started in life, he was energetic and adventurous, for he went to a far country; he wasted his money on harlots—that was his sin; he was humble when he tried to earn an honest living even though it led him to the pig-sty; he repented; he had common sense, so that he took the logical course of remedying his conduct; and when he reached home he confessed his sin. Look at the older brother: he was jealous, grouchy, greedy, ungrateful, disrespectful to his father, and stupid. The only virtue he had was that he stayed at home with the old man. Somehow I imagine God liked the young fellow even from the beginning, for he had grit enough to strike out for himself, and vision enough to strike out far, while the older brother was a stay-at-home-stick-in-the-mud. It's the positive, adventurous disposition of the prodigal son that I like."

No longer is religion a tabooed subject in student conversations. No longer is the student ashamed to mention Christianity and the deity; often he injects them into his conversation almost defiantly, as if daring the opposition of his listener. A Harvard graduate was recently heard to remark: "What is it that has come over the boys? Wherever I go, both among grads and undergrads, I hear matters pertaining to religion discussed. It wasn't so in my day."

There is, in the first place, an absolute freedom of discussion on all subjects, and, furthermore, the conversations do not savor of the Sunday school. But, whatever the subject and whatever the spirit of the approach, the college man of 1923 is thinking religiously, and his thinking is neither superficial nor sentimental.

Seldom will a college man talk of religion as a personal matter; never except in the recesses of friendship. Religion to him is neither an ornament nor an appendage to life. He is sincere enough to discount and discard it, or to reckon it as life itself. In analyzing the faith of the college man the difficulty of expressing that faith in the phrasing of an alien theology—for so it seems to the student—proves a very real stumbling-block. Moreover, the greater difficulty of seeming to speak for such a heterogeneous mass as a college student body must be instantly apparent. All types, all creeds, nearly all races, are represented, and in no sense can there be said to exist unanimity of thought on any subject—least of all, religion. Nevertheless "the religion of the campus" is not an empty phrase. Recognizing the racial divisions, accepting the extremes of thought to be found in a college society, there is a religion of the college man; there is, I believe, a faith of the college student.

And if his faith will tide him over the important period of young manhood, will it not form the basis for a satisfying faith in the "long way that he must tread alone"? The college student's faith, I am certain, rests not upon any solid rock of authority, nor upon any superimposed dogma, nor even upon the faith of his fathers. It may be intangible; it may be indefinite; and it is, for a surety, in the process of generation. With Dorothea Brooke he might say, "I have always been finding out my religion."

In the first place, the college student is fundamentally religious, far more so than the casual observer of academic life realizes. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick on a recent visit to Harvard, where he has been coming for the past ten years, said that never in his life had he found the students so keenly alive to religion and religious problems. There are numerous proofs of this in the student body. The college chapel, which is not compulsory, has had a steady increase in the student attendance at Sunday services each year since the war, and the figures for 1922–3, although still incomplete, promise a further increase over last year; the average attendance at morning prayers for the same period has remained about the same. But still more interesting and conclusive of the students' interest in religion are the group meetings that are being held among the undergraduates. There are ten organizations, all with the aim of practical religion, which meet and work under the larger organization of Phillips Brooks House; there are four religious societies which hold devotional services regularly throughout the academic year; there are four Bible study groups, two composed of upper-class men, two of freshmen, which meet in the dormitories.

Although these voluntary groups organized among the students may not be unique at a university, they are signs of the times. There is verily a renaissance of religion growing out of a period in which the student has tried to cast anchor first on ideals, then on patriotism, and lastly on chaos. It is the natural result of the time, the first great gleam of the period of stability which looms in the future.

In this renaissance of religion what is the faith of the college man? How is he satisfying the universal craving of mankind for a personality higher, wiser, and purer than himself? What is this religion of the campus?

The college student is demanding to-day a positive religion, a practical religion, and a rational religion. He recognizes his need of a living faith, a faith which will sustain him through days of depression and spiritual *ennui*, a faith which will temper triumph and failure alike. He wants a faith that begins with a robust and manly inter-

[1] In last week's Outlook appeared another article on "The College Man and the Church" by the author of this essay, together with "Is the College Girl Irreligious?" by Miss Marianna W. Priest, of Smith College.



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pretation of the life of Christ, an interpretation that does not quibble over minor details, but points by example the way to living in this present day. He wants to meet and to know God as a person who is "closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet," and most of all he wants a religion which says "Come unto Me."

He were a fool who thinks that the student has "got religion" in the sense that a casual observer can see and understand. The college student has known no great fundamental change in his life; if one dare to attempt a description of the change which has crept over the college life since prewar days, it is a deepening of moral purpose, a clearer conception of the intense seriousness of life. There is no clamorous calling aloud for this perfect faith, no muezzin summoning the student body to bow with one accord at the altar of its unknown God. How then can one declare that the college man is seeking a lofty faith, such as I have sought to analyze? By living in the fellowship of student life, by coming to know intimately the men of one's group, one's class, one's college, by moments rare but significant when the naked heart of man is revealed.

It was said of Bernard Trotter, the young Canadian poet who met a soldier's death, "He was not given to much speech about his religious convictions; he lived his religion in his every-day life." Trotter had been a college student, and the same reticence of speech combined with a sincerity of action which characterized him is revealed day after day by hundreds and thousands of students in our American colleges.

The college man wants to believe in a personal God, whether or not the proof of his interest in man can be established by logic. A Harvard junior recently made the astounding statement, "From a study of science, art, history, and literature, I am forced to conclude that the greatest catastrophe which has ever befallen the world was the inception of Christianity;" and yet I know by intimate life with that man that each night he takes time to read his Testament and to pray. He is not inconsistent. He is following reason in those paths where reason leads him, but where reason stops he falls back upon the religious instinct of the human heart.

Whether rightly or wrongly, the college student is seldom oppressed with any overpowering realization of personal sin, and therefore he feels no conscious need of a personal Saviour. Christ is to him the glorified figure of history, the man without spot or blemish, but, like the soldier, the student has no impulse to call on him for the salvation which his forefathers knew. Rather is Christ the student's companion, and here I must recognize with caution that, no matter what assertion be made on a subject of this nature, numerous experiences can be quoted to the contrary. It were folly to believe that the college man has turned mystic and has found with the Eternal Companion the spiritual friendship which can unite God and man. Extremes of all kinds are to be observed in the cosmopolitan life of the college, but in an effort to present an honest interpretation of the thought of the normal college man I do not believe, aside from the historical Christ, that the college student distinguishes between Christ and God; rather it is that Christ merges into his conception of God and perfect man becomes God.

In the second place, a living faith must be practical, and religion must be expressible in terms of social conduct. The college student recognizes the great fundamental questions of God, the soul, immortality—questions above the concerns of material existence—and he wants answers to them, fearlessly thought out and fearlessly delivered. But the religion of the college student never has been and never will be complete when a young man evolves a satisfying theory of the deity—not even when he has come into the joy of the presence of the Great Companion. That is but half—the mystic side of faith—and youth wants the whole, the mystic half and the practical half, the "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," and the "Thy neighbor" clause also.

During the war an essay was written on the four sins a soldier hates and the four virtues he most admires. It is not strange that the student stands where the soldier stood, and that courage, unselfishness, generosity, and humility are the four qualities which he most covets for himself and most praises in his neighbor. Like the soldier, he glosses over the sins more generally frowned upon. In these days of prohibition drunkenness is meeting with the jocose support of the student—a reflection of the attitude of parents and friends—and the number of men who will take a glass is large, whether larger than in prewar days it is difficult to say. Though definite statistics are lacking, any one in intimate contact with college life will agree that immorality has decreased in the past sixty years. But temperance, clean speech, and moral living are not the virtues held in highest esteem, and even where these are wanting, when courage, unselfishness, generosity, and humility are found the offender meets with the general approval of his companions. Long ago it was said of a woman taken in adultery, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

The emphasis of the student is placed upon character rather than doctrine, upon conduct rather than creed. He enjoys quoting, "What you are speaks so loud that I cannot hear what you say," and unless religion can be measured by development of character the student will have none of it. "He is not particularly interested in saving his own soul, but likes the idea that he can be of use to God and his fellow-man," writes an observer of academic life.

Do you know that college students are working in nearly every social center in Boston or its environs, leading boys' clubs, supervising dramatic performances, teaching classes in Americanization, and doing endless other bits of welfare work, and doing it all voluntarily? You may question their motives. Some are seeking selfishly the experience which will lead to their own advancement; others are enjoying the novelty of the task; but you cannot talk with the students who serve thus or with the secretaries of the Phillips Brooks House Association without realizing that the predominating motive in the student's heart is practical religion.

Moreover, the faith of the college man must be rational faith. The religion of the average college student, in theory like the religion of every man, but too often unlike in practice, is a result of honest thinking, based on the material of early training, but material transformed with new life and only superficially touched by the Church. It is the golden residue of class-room philosophy and honest experience, tempered by painful and laborious self-searching.

Commonly the youth, a product of a religious home, is unassailed by doubt throughout his high school or

"IS THE SOCIAL WORKER RELIGIOUS?"

asks Julia Houston Railey, and then proceeds to answer her own question in a forceful, provocative article which will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook.

Mrs. Railey is a distinguished social worker and the author of a successful novel which has as a background social work and the legislative system in Arkansas.

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preparatory school course; it is in the freedom of college existence and the broad vistas of college class-rooms that suspicions come and tear down the building of earlier years. Many a boy has asked his first serious question about religion spurred by the goad of Philosophy A. There are awakened in him doubts which must be investigated, thoughts which demand consideration, and it is in this testing period that the old, unreasoned faith slips away, and a rationalism is born, not wholly conclusive nor giving to life any blanket covering of superficial explanation, but rationalism alive, eager, pressing on.

Peter might have been speaking in the rôle of a college student when he said, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

By rationalism is not meant that false and most irrational philosophy of the provincial man who cries for rationalism, saying, "I shall believe nothing I cannot see, nor hold faith in aught I cannot know through sense experience." Poor fool, playing with his tinseled air balloon while the world moves on! By rational the college man understands that which is intellectually conceived, reasonable. Of course this rationalism is ideal. Who that has lived through the period of four ecstatic years on a college campus can say that he has known no doubts? Who can say that never once was the face of God hidden from view? Who has not cried with Job, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" or with that lesser man who prayed, "O God, if there be a God, help me!"?

One of the inevitable results of this rational religion has been the discarding of much that the Church has held sacred. It is folly to say that the college man has no creed. He who says he has no creed erects his negation into a creed. Instead, the college man casts aside those parts of the creed which to him are meaningless. "The life everlasting"—that is something which he must consider; but what man is there even dabbling in science who can repeat with candor, "I believe in the resurrection of the body"?

Here are three aspects of that intangible reality which I have dared to call the religion of the campus. There are others, but these are the greater demands which the college student is making of his faith.

Of what I have seen and of what I have heard, of that I have written. My interpretation may be partial and prejudiced, it may be unrepresentative of the group I have sought to explain—I cannot tell. It is founded on the conclusions to which six years of academic life and happy college friendships have led me. I offer it with all humbleness for what it may be worth in a more complete understanding of that much-maligned and generally misunderstood creature, the college student.

# FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

## EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

### BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

## CHAPTER THREE—THE CABINET

IMAGINE a small room, simply finished, with windows at one end overlooking the White House grounds; at the other end a fireplace; at one side windows facing the domestic yard of the Executive Mansion; opposite them two doors and a large case of wall maps—such is the Cabinet room of the United States.

A long mahogany table with five chairs on each side occupies the center. At the end near the windows is the President's seat, close to the door of his private office. The chairs are covered with dark-green leather. On the back of each is a small brass plate giving the title of the occupant and the date of his entering office. The seats are placed in the order of the creation of the departments. At the President's right is the Secretary of State; opposite him, on the President's left, the Secretary of the Treasury. Next to the Secretary of State sits the Secretary of War. The Attorney-General faces him across the table. Again on the right the Postmaster-General opposite the Secretary of the Navy, then the Secretary of the Interior facing the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Secretary of Commerce opposite the Secretary of Labor.

The Cabinet thus seated around the council table has no legal existence. It is unknown alike to Constitution and to statute. Its powers are as modest as the room in which it sits. Many a corporation furnishes its directors with finer quarters and in its corporate affairs those directors have an authority which is singularly lacking in the Cabinet. There are no minutes, votes, recording secretary, or order of business. In the strict sense, the Cabinet transacts no business. It is a group of men who are confirmed according to law as heads of executive departments, but who as members of the Cabinet are but advisers to the President. They receive salaries as department heads, but are paid nothing for Cabinet services. They are neither personally nor collectively responsible for decisions. Those are the duty of the President alone.

The day and hour of Cabinet meetings is arranged at the President's pleasure. At one time they were held on Tuesdays and Fridays, then the Friday meeting was given up. They met for a period at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon; at another time the hour was eleven in the morning. They may sit elsewhere than in the Cabinet room, and did meet more than once in President Wilson's study, on the second floor of the White House, in the evening. There are no attendants or employees of the Cabinet. Nothing could be simpler in form than this meeting of the men who in fact carry out the executive work of the Nation.

#### BEHIND THE CURTAIN AT CABINET MEETINGS

Members assembled shortly before the hour and talked briefly in groups. It was customary to bring matters to be discussed with other members or papers to be handed to them. The President entered from his office, often accompanied by a member with whom he had been conferring. He shook hands all around and business began. It was always informal, and its method varied. If the President had matters of importance, he would state them and discussion followed. This concluded, he would ask each Secretary in order if there was business which he desired to place before the Cabinet. To insure equal opportunity for each member, it was customary to begin one day with the Secretary of State and go down the table in the order of the departments, and to commence the next day with the Secretary of Labor and go up the table. Subject to the common understanding that only matters of general interest would be brought before the Cabinet, each member was free to speak for himself and did so. Sometimes one subject would occupy the

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entire group for one or even two hours. Occasionally the meeting would be over in a half-hour. The time following the meeting was used by the President to confer with individual members on matters which he or they might wish to discuss.

At times when the head of a department was absent an associate would sit in his place. Thus when the Secretary of War was away General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff, for a time represented that Department. In like manner Mr. Frank L. Polk represented the Department of State in the absence of the Secretary. Discussion was as free as air, limited only by the fact that the members were present to inform and to advise the President and that consideration of his wishes and responsibility was the unwritten law.

### CABINET CONTROVERSIES

Does any one suppose Cabinet members think alike and always agree? If so, he is strangely mistaken. When I read of the "serene atmosphere of the council chamber" or am told that Cabinet solidarity is an axiom of our polity, I recall with amusement much that took place. Presidents do not desire rubber stamps for advisers. They want to know what men think and why they think it, and all present gain from frank and fearless expression of differences. President Wilson told more than once of a meeting at Princeton to which he and others went with varied and conflicting views only to find that at the close of a full discussion a conclusion was reached which none of them had in mind at the beginning. So generous controversy around the Cabinet table produced light, and such heat as arose passed away. It is hardly conceivable that it should be otherwise among ten men of varying temperaments and training, differing in view-point and experience.

Each Secretary also inherited certain traditional antagonisms. They were there before he arrived and he took them over on assuming office, often without knowing it. They had their roots in departmental traditions and in the over-zealous loyalties of subordinates. Sometimes a Secretary would voice service suggestions which were thus brought to him, only to be plainly taken to task by a colleague. Commerce and the Treasury differed over a function belonging to the former but for a time exercised by the latter. Some in the State Department felt that it should do the foreign trade work of the Department of Commerce, and the Interior Department, in charge of the National Parks, yearned also for the Forest Service, which was conducted by the Department of Agriculture, and perhaps *vice versa*. The Navy and the Interior Departments had divergent views about oil reserves.

There was always in the background an element of jealousy between the civil and the military services. Mutual appreciation and good sense kept this down, but it would appear from time to time in a way that was unmistakable. I felt it necessary to protest vigorously against the disintegration of the Department of Commerce by transferring important agencies and activities to newly created commissions which lay outside the Cabinet scope, but there was no exception taken to my outspoken position.

### A BEAR COMPLEX

Confusion over jurisdiction had its humorous side. By a curiosity of law, certain brown bears in Alaska, being considered game animals, were placed under the Department of Agriculture; other bears, black ones, being considered fur-bearing animals, were controlled by Commerce; the white polar bear, ignored by law, fell to the uncovenanted mercies of the Interior Department. So of course customs officers belonging to the Treasury Department got sadly mixed up when the cub of some black bears belonging to Commerce happened to be brown, and so ostensibly belonged to Agriculture. There was thus a bear complex. Of course the biological solution would be to have bear parents more careful about the color of their cubs. Cabinet members were quite willing to enjoy such situations, for their meetings were usually of a serious sort. War did not promote jocularity.

A lot of eager newspaper men were always waiting outside when each Cabinet meeting closed, seeking to learn what had occurred. Alert, tactful, and experienced, they could cleverly add the little one member might say to the few words dropped by another, and so build up a "story." The rule of courtesy obviously requires that the President alone shall give out news of importance concerning the Cabinet discussions, and this was pretty well observed. In some cases, however, a skillful correspondent would piece together an account of Cabinet happenings of approximate accuracy. More often the printed accounts of what went on in the Cabinet room were amusingly incorrect.

After the President returned from Paris he frankly discussed the Treaty with the Cabinet. He spoke of the arrangement respecting Shantung, saying it was contrary to his preferences and that he objected to it. He felt, however, that factors of greater human value outweighed the Shantung conditions and laid emphasis on the Japanese promise to withdraw, saying earnestly, "I have faith that the Japanese will keep their word." It was a pleasure to write Mr. Wilson on the day after the Japanese evacuated Shantung in November, 1922, reminding him of this incident and congratulating him upon his foresight.

### "NOTHING IS FINAL BETWEEN FRIENDS"

It is not news that in the spring of 1913 relations between Japan and the United States threatened to become acute. The future historian will record in this connection that Mr. Bryan rendered a great service to his country. The phrase, "Nothing is final between friends," then had its origin. At the time when feeling was highest the Joint Army and Navy Board recommended that our Pacific fleet, which consisted of the Saratoga (the former New York) and some smaller vessels, be moved from the Chinese rivers to the protection of the fortifications in the Philippines. This was brought up in the Cabinet for discussion. The views of the Joint Board had great weight and the feeling was nearly unanimous that it would be well to move the ships.

The President felt strongly upon the subject, and after a warm discussion said he would alone take the responsibility as Commander-in-Chief of refusing to move the fleet. This was a serious decision. It was in accord with the personal views of the Secretary of the Navy, but was opposed to professional naval and military advice.

The ships were not moved, and events justified the President's judgment.

### AN IMPERIAL BACKDOWN

On one occasion a communication from the German Ambassador was read to the Cabinet. I do not recall its purport, but its language was startling. As it was read we heard with astonishment, "The Imperial German Government *demands*," etc. The reading proceeded, but I could not contain myself and burst out:

"*Demands*, Mr. President, *demands?*"

The President said: "Read it again."

When this was done, he suggested that the Secretary of State return the communication to the German Ambassador, pointing out that, doubtless through inadvertence, language had been used which the Ambassador would not have permitted had it come to his personal attention. The communication was returned later with the word "demands" changed to "requests."

The day came when the German message was read announcing that "all sea traffic will be stopped with every available weapon," but giving us permission to send one ship weekly

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to a specified British port on stated days if marked in a particular way and steering a fixed course. The shadow of war had crept for weeks closer and closer. The feeling in the country seemed to have become less violent and more determined. Hard as was the alternative of war, for it meant the sending of our sons to wounds and death, there was a certain sense of relief that we need hesitate no longer and that the matter had been settled by forces whose weight was beyond all doubt.

Then came the day on which the President's Message was read to a united Congress with the Supreme Court and the Cabinet present as well as the Diplomatic Corps. My valued friend, the French Ambassador, sat near, and when the full report of the Message was clear our hands met and grasped firmly. I shall not forget the expression in his eyes as he realized that the Great Republic of the West had thrown her mighty strength into his national cause.

### THE GREATEST WAR MACHINE IN THE WORLD

Much had already been done in preparation both by Congress and the Executive, but vastly more remained to do. During 1915 Dr. Hollis Godfrey had suggested to General Leonard Wood and myself in several conferences the organization which later became the Council of National Defense. We gave him letters to the Secretary of War, who approved the plan. The act creating the Council passed in August, 1916, and the Council itself, with its Advisory Commission, was organized in the following fall. It therefore had begun to function before we entered the conflict, and one preliminary stage was thereby passed. Out of this grew the great civilian war organizations. The foreign trade of the country was placed in the hands of the War Trade Board; its domestic trade, in those of the War Industries Board. Fuel and food were put under the control of special war organizations. What may be called the War Cabinet was created, composed of the heads of the military departments and the special war and financial services. The necessary legislation was passed, including the great achievement of the Draft Act. Acting on a suggestion made by the Director of the Census, the electoral machinery of the country was used to register over twenty million men of fighting age, and the President of the United States became the head of the greatest war machine in the world.

Gradually Washington became transformed.

Great structures to house the army and navy services were placed in Potomac Park and others on the Mall.

*Secretary Lansing often made sketches of imaginary persons during Cabinet meetings. Mr. Redfield rescued one of these sheets and secured Mr. Lansing's signature*

They remain, eyesores, perhaps necessary ones, but showing how the ugliness of war intruded itself. Extreme care was taken to safeguard public buildings and guards were everywhere. On two occasions, having forgotten my pass, I was temporarily excluded from the War Trade Board's offices and from the State Department Building. The streets became congested. Men in uniform were free to stop passing automobiles and ask for a ride, and it became customary for automobile owners to pick up war workers on the way downtown and take them to their offices.

Anti-aircraft guns were mounted in Potomac Park. The work of each department left its peaceful routine and took on a warlike aspect. More than fifty seagoing vessels from the Department of Commerce service were turned over to the Army and Navy, and remained with them throughout the war. In a hundred ways the restrictions and expressions of a nation in conflict came into being.

There arose the sudden cult of dehydrated foods, and new processes and new containers were constantly presented for approval. In the fall of 1917 the ladies of the Cabinet were gathered at the home of the Secretary of State, and moving pictures were taken of them in the garden showing them in the act of eating various dried vegetables and fruits. This was followed by a repast of the same sort, which was explained in its various stages by a woman exponent of the process.

### MOUNTAINS OF PORK AND BEANS

It was late one Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1917, and almost

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*"The Cabinet thus seated around the council table has no legal existence. Its powers are as modest as the room in which it sits"*

every one in the office had gone home. The prospect of a Sunday rest was never more seductive. Home and quiet, the absence of worry and work, a bit of time to read, to talk with friends—thoughts of these and other similarly pleasant things made the outlook toward Saturday evening and the coming day a restful one. For the time there was a prospect of a day of personal peace even in the midst of war.

But the dream was rudely broken. My secretary entered: "Sir George E. Foster wishes to see you." He was the Minister of Commerce and Labor of Canada, and was in Washington to deal with mutual war problems. One of these he had brought with him to turn my thoughts away from the domestic utopia where they had been dwelling. From dreams of peace and rest we awoke to realities of pork and beans and cans for same—more cans, indeed, than had ever entered into my personal calculations. Sir George announced that he urgently required 50,000,000 cans for pork and beans, and that, starting about July first, he would require 12,000,000 additional cans monthly for the same product. That meant 122,000,000 cans during the rest of that year. It appeared that British Tommies had tasted the pork and beans which the Canadian troops brought over, and hungered for them so that the first 50,000,000 were "urgently required to fulfill British War Office orders." (The quotation is from the schedule which Sir George E. Foster left at the time.)

Actions of many kinds followed. There was a serious shortage in our own supply of tinplate, and the British officials at the Embassy reported there would be little likelihood of securing enough tin to supply all of our needs. Then began conferences with makers of tinplate and of tin cans, with canners, and with wholesale grocers. "It was decided that we should not only discontinue for the present, at any rate, the packing of beans, spaghetti, hominy, and other products of a non-perishable character, but also soup." Sir George Foster suggested saving tinplate "by discouraging its use in the manufacture of paint cans, blacking cans, and like." Various substitutes for tin cans were proposed, and as far as possible used. Eventually, with the effective aid of the Secretary of Agriculture, the Canadians and British got their pork and beans.

### GERMAN POSTER AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY

The war necessarily cast its shadow over the social life of Washington, and at the same time it produced its

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own high lights and threw them on men and their actions in ways that were sometimes startling. One evening during a gathering at the French Embassy my attention was attracted by a poster which was thrown over the back of a lounge. I read it with mingled horror and wrath, and looked about for some one to sympathize with me.

Not far away were Chief Justice White (a Confederate veteran) and General Hugh L. Scott. I called them, and we three stood there carefully going over that poster notice addressed to the people of the city of Liège by the German military commander after the capture of that city. It said, in substance, that the people of Andennes (a neighboring town), after having witnessed the favorable disposition of the German troops, had later attacked them in the most treacherous manner. Therefore, it went on, they had reduced the town to ashes and had caused over a hundred persons to be shot. This, it proceeded, was thus told the people of Liège that they might know what would happen to them if they behaved in a similar manner. It was signed by the German general commanding.

This poster had been torn from a wall in Liège by an American—at the risk of his life—and was concealed in his clothing and brought out. There was grave doubt whether there was any such attack as the poster alleged; there was no doubt that women and children were among those shot.

### A CHIEF JUSTICE GROWS PROFANE

It is not conventional openly to admire profanity, but there are times when it seems almost to have a spiritual value. Be this as it may, true it is that the Chief Justice of the United States swore long and deeply when he read that poster, and his oaths were music to my ears and refreshment to my spirit.

(C) Harris & Ewing

*The late Chief Justice White swore long and deeply when he discovered at the French Embassy a German poster threatening the city of Liège*

With our entrance into the conflict came the series of delegations from the nations associated with us. One after another these missions came, were formally welcomed and entertained, and quietly took up their work with the departments and services concerned. All these friendly groups desired to pay their tribute to the memory of Washington by visiting Mount Vernon and placing an offering in his tomb. As we went down the river for this purpose in the Mayflower with the British delegation, and with the French Mission, and later with others, imagination brought stirring memories out of the past.

It was no trifling experience to see English and French tributes placed together on Washington's grave and to realize that the conflicts and differences between several nations during a long past were put aside in a united struggle for a cause now happily common to them all. Washington himself seemed to grow in stature. He was no less our own, but other nations also laid claim to him and acknowledged his world-wide worth. He was American first—that all gladly acknowledged; but he was also a great international creative force, a true world figure, ours but not ours alone, proudly, willingly claimed by all as a great leader of mankind. There seemed a certain naturalness in the tributes paid, as if all felt his ideals were those which were inspiring them in their present conflict.

### CABINET OFFICERS AT CLOSE RANGE

My thoughts often run back in kindly remembrance to the men who met during those trying days in the Cabinet chamber. It was a group of friends with strong individual differences of temperament and conviction. I can see them all now.

Lansing is sitting, as his habit was when giving close attention, with pencil in hand sketching upon a pad the faces of imaginary persons. I rescued one of these sheets and got him to sign it. He drew skillfully, and his fanciful portraits were full of individuality. He was a Bible student, and his habit was to read in the small hours when the rest of the world knew sleep.

Baker, at his right, was a singular contrast to Garrison, his predecessor.

Garrison was a natural rebel who when he saw a rule or ordinance longed to break it. He was quick and constant in opposition and ably insistent on his own views. Baker, on the contrary, was quiet and gentle, a lucid thinker, with a wonderful gift of clear and vivid speach—a finished orator.

Burleson was the liaison officer with Congress—the political manager of the Cabinet.

Lane used to object that his right side was bruised where my elbow poked him in the ribs. He had a poet's spirit and a musician's soul, with a fine gift of expression. He told me one day that he had been at some gathering at Baltimore, where he had spoken rather too enthusiastically, he feared, about California. When the meeting was over, he expressed his thought to one of the colored brethren who was present.

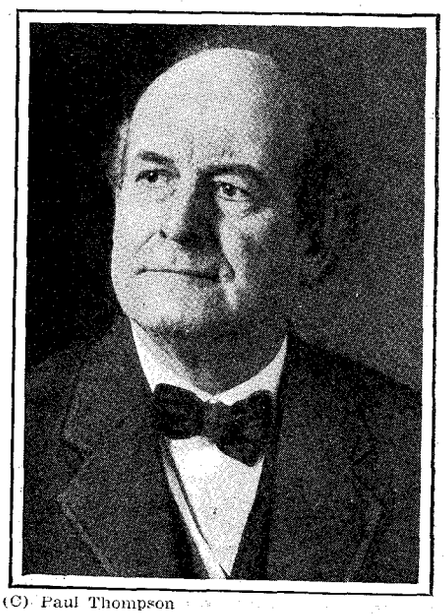
"Oh, no," said the latter, "Mr. Secretary, yo' didn't say too much about California. Has yo' ever been over on de Eastern Sho'?"

Lane said he had not, but he hoped soon to go.

"Well, Mr. Secretary, yo' surely ought to go dar. Dat am God's own country. Why, Mr. Secretary, when Adam and Eve was in paradise befo' de Fall, Eve she got took very sick. De angels dey had a consultation over Eve and said she ought to have a change. So dey went to de Almighty and told him Eve ought to have a change and asked him to send her down to the Eastern Sho'. De Almighty he shook his head and he said, 'No, no, dat wouldn't be no change.'"

### SECRETARY OF NAVY HAS HORROR OF UNIFORMS

Houston was the best economist in the Cabinet. He had a way of letting the discussion run along till everybody had his say and then coming in with a few terse remarks that



(C) Paul Thompson

*The origin of William Jennings Bryan's famous phrase "Nothing is final between friends" is described by Mr. Redfield in this chapter*

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summed the whole thing up so as to leave some of the rest of us high and dry.

William B. Wilson, sitting opposite me, was a fine, sincere type of labor leader, not afraid to tell labor when it was wrong, earnest in defending it when he thought it right. He published a book of poems after the war. I recall with peculiar gladness his tender care for his invalid wife.

Daniels had a horror of uniforms. He did not altogether like to have the naval officers wear them in Washington. He went with me one day to his home State to receive the degree of LL.D. from the University of North Carolina. He had no doctor's gown; he didn't want one, and would not get one. One had of course to be borrowed for the immediate occasion, but almost before the ceremonies were over Daniels had rejected his doctor's garb and was back in his store clothes.

I never forgot a retort that McReynolds visited upon me. I had argued earnestly about something (I do not recall what it was), and when I had finished McReynolds said: "Mr. President, I observe that the Secretary of Commerce has a keen sense of the obvious." (Laughter.)

I was associated with McAdoo in the first Wilson campaign, and came to have a great respect for his ability. He more or less guided appointments made by the Administration in New York State, and, I thought, not always wisely. He was a good business man, accustomed to thinking by short cuts. One had always to concede the force of his personality.

I remember being waked by the explosion of the bomb in front of Mitchell Palmer's house. He took it calmly enough. Neither he nor Gregory were as long associated with us as the others, but both were cordially included in the group of personal friends that formed the Cabinet.

### AMBASSADOR PAGE MISUNDERSTANDS

An incident in Mr. Page's book which that able Ambassador did not understand is easily explained. He relates in substance that he went to luncheon with most of the Cabinet and with Ambassador Sharp to a hotel, only to find that the conversation consisted of jokes and banter, without any serious talk on public matters, and he expressed wonder that, with the Ambassadors to Great Britain and France present with most of the Cabinet, this should have been the case.

The delightful habit of lunching together at the Shoreham had been formed long before among the Cabinet members. We all sat at a certain table, and, as the time of our meeting there for luncheon was fixed and known, curious people would come in to see the Cabinet together. Not only did they come to see, but also to hear. Among a group of friends it was not always easy to keep conversation on confidential matters within properly subdued tones. Once, when nearly the length of the restaurant away, I heard Garrison speaking of some public matter. The obvious disadvantages of the situation in time impressed themselves upon me, and I objected to discussing public matters in a manner and in a place where any one sufficiently curious could overhear, and finally withdrew altogether. Later these gatherings were abandoned. Indeed, I think they were given up before the time of which Ambassador Page writes and that the gathering to which he refers was a special one, overshadowed more or less by the spirit of what had theretofore occurred.

One of the great privileges arising from a Cabinet position in Washington is the contact it affords with people of every walk in life from all parts of the country, and indeed from all lands. Friendships arise with legislators in both houses, with associates in the department work, with those who come into business relations with the various services, and with many who are met socially. One can hardly get through an average week's work without relations extending from President to messenger, from Ambassador to some private caller who bespeaks helpful interest. It is sometimes said that there are social cleavages in Washington separating an official class from the workaday world, and especially creating a sort of preferred social place for the Cabinet officer. It is easy to imagine cleavages where none exist, and if a Cabinet place is in any true sense "preferred" it is, and ought to be, because it gives opportunity for service. The men called to Cabinet work are much like other men, weak or strong, wise or unwise, foolish or sensible. Their position may reveal them; it is not likely to change them. The *hauteur* which is not unfrequently ascribed to Cabinet members, if and when it exists, is probably normal to an individual who attaches it through his own personality to the post which for a brief time he is called upon to occupy.

A Cabinet colleague thus spoke of the existing relations between Congress and the Executive: "Congress feels that it has authority without accepting responsibility and that the Executive has responsibility but without authority." Like every sweeping generalization, this errs by excess, but it is a fairly correct statement.

The position of a Cabinet officer under our polity is in some ways curious. Is he an administrator, the active head of a force of many thousand men engaged in constructive or scientific work? Yes, he is that, and that alone makes large demands on time and thought. Some departments are greater in size and more complex in work than any corporation, even the largest. To run such an organization well is no small task. But a Cabinet officer is more than a working executive. He is a counselor in preparing and developing National policies, many of which cover matters far outside his executive reach. One of these two great (and sometimes conflicting) duties must be done; the other cannot be left undone.

The friend may not have been wholly wrong who said that I looked at my department work too much as a business matter—too little as a creative political service. The dilemma was always there in some measure—differing, of course, according to the scope of each particular department. We have not yet risen to the point where we can relieve it by a permanent under-secretarial staff. We are still in our "teens" in this respect. Probably, therefore, neither necessary phase of our public work receives today as full a measure of care as the public interests deserve.

## AT HARD LABOR IN THE WHITE HOUSE

"I haven't the time to be President of the United States," said one President of the United States to Mr. Redfield, who describes next week the exhausting labors that overwhelm the occupants of the White House. After getting through with the patronage hunters, one President remarked that he had to autograph nearly four hundred photographs before the end of the day.

Friend of five different Presidents, Mr. Redfield is able, if any one is able, to write comprehendingly about "The Presidency," which is the title of next week's chapter of his reminiscences.

President Wilson, with whom he was closely associated for six years, is intimately pictured during the soul-taxing period of the World War.

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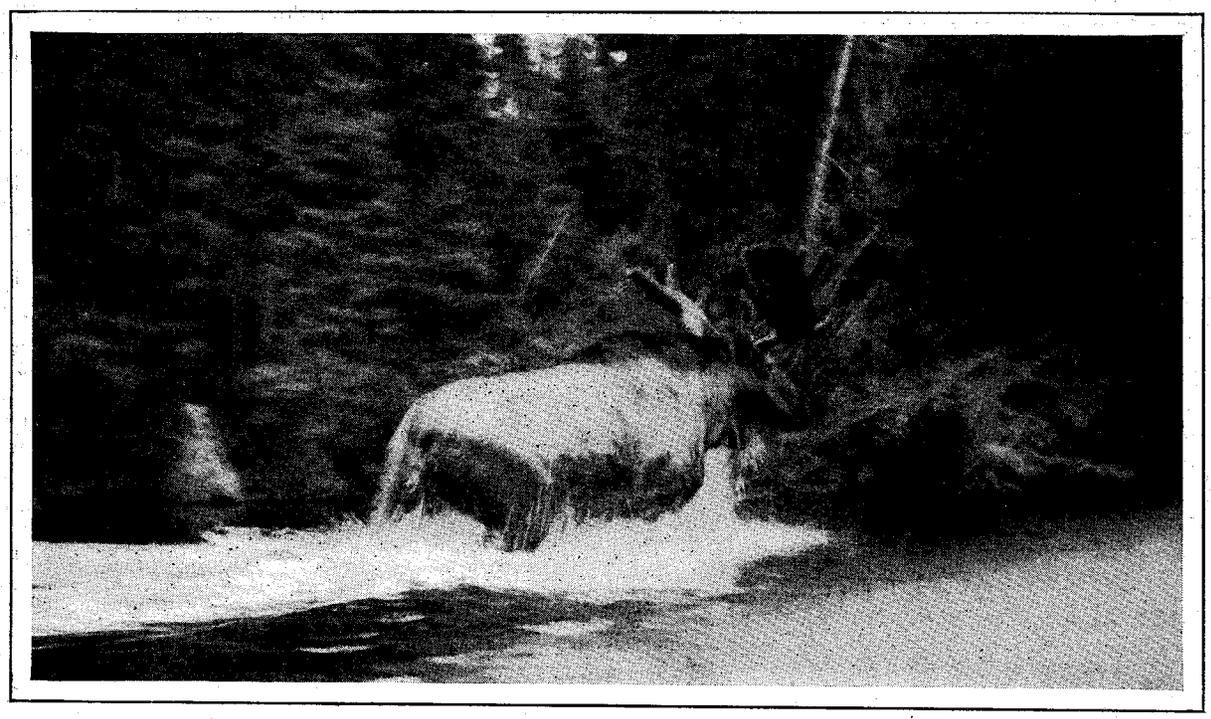
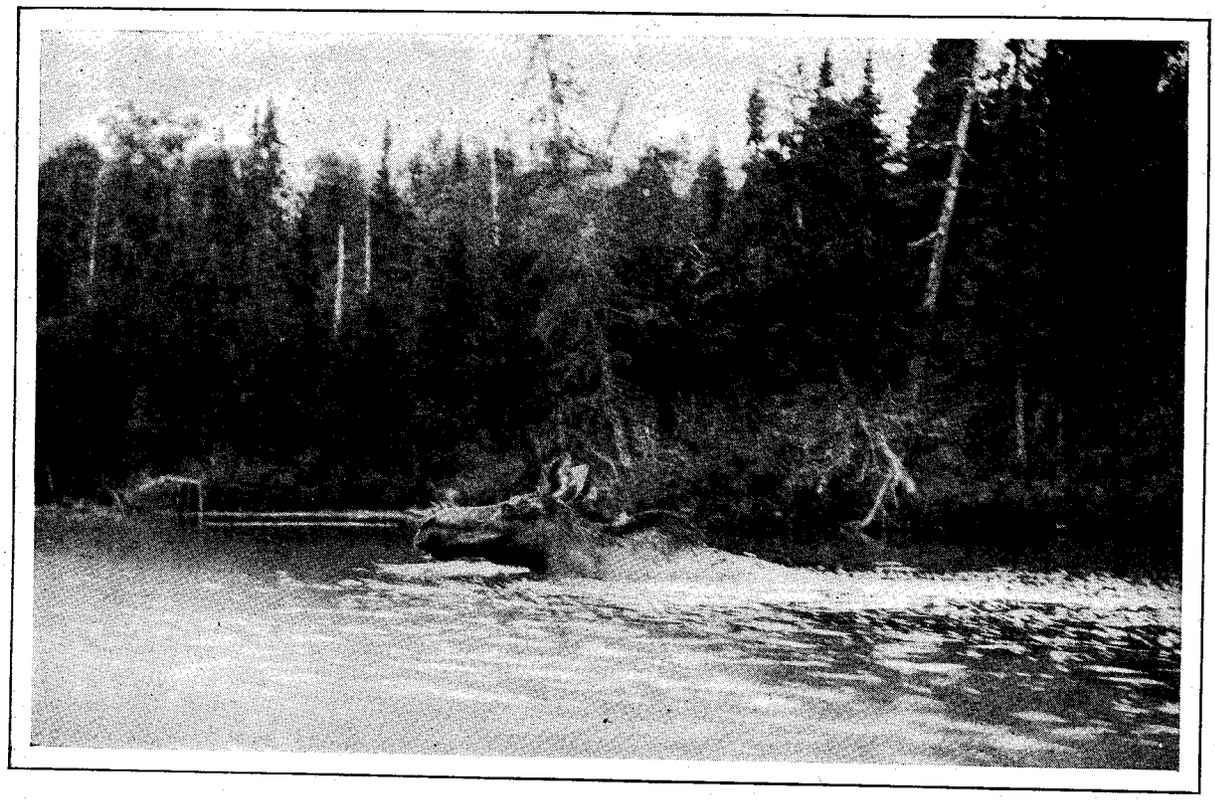
# BATHERS OF BATHURST LAKES





These photographs were snapped from a canoe a few feet from the moose in each case. They were taken by Mr. Franklin P. Shumway. The upper picture is of a bull moose about seven years old and weighing 800 to 1,000 pounds. He was in perfect condition with a magnificent spread of antlers that were completely covered with velvet. He lived all summer near the Shumway Camp on Lower Bathurst Lake, accompanied by many cow moose and young calves. Bathurst Lakes are in northern central New Brunswick and are the head waters of the Tobique, St. John, and Nepisiquet Rivers. They are located near the center of "Crown Lands" which extend about 100 miles each way and which the New Brunswick Government proposes to make into a "Refuge Park for Wild Animals"

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# THE BOOK TABLE

## THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE

BY GERTRUDE M. RIDGWAY

THREE hundred years ago, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the population of the whole of England was something like four million people—less than the population of Manhattan Island to-day. Rather a significant comparison when one stops to consider what that age produced in the sphere of creative art; when we think, too, of the enforced leisure, the uncommercialism, and to-day think of our commercialism, our daily papers, the telephone, and, alas! no creative genius. In Shakespeare's time the stage was the most effective method of "telling the news."

Heminge and Condell, two of Shakespeare's actor friends, are greatly responsible for the production of "The First Folio." The debt we owe to them is incalculable, for on the Folio of 1623, as foundation, is built the fair fabric of Shakespeare's fame. It was the publication of the Four Folios in 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, and of the poems in 1640, which familiarized men with Shakespeare's plays as literature and made Shakespeare a great tradition in poetry and drama. The splendid panegyrics of Jonson, Holland, and Digges, and the forewords of Heminge and Condell to the First Folio, must have intimated to many for the first time the greatness of the man who had died seven years before. It is rather a strange coincidence that all the allusions of Shakespeare's contemporaries to his personality should end with the publication of the First Folio with the exception of a few by such men as Jonson.

The gathering together and printing this collection of plays was due to William Jaggard, whose descendents live in Stratford to-day and are still associated with printing. From James Roberts in 1613 Jaggard had acquired by purchase the right to print several of the quartos, as well as the more valuable sole right of printing the players' bills or programmes. Even though Jaggard's establishment was an important one, he seems to have preferred to have the risk of the publication shared by others, and the colophon of the volume reads, "Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623." Probably with the assistance of the managers, John Heminge and Henry Condell, they procured from various sources—printed quartos, prompt copies made for the actors, and surreptitious or private manuscript copies—the text of all of Shakespeare's plays (save only "Pericles"). The printing was done in Jaggard's printing office near St. Dunstan's Church. On November 8, 1623, the volume was probably nearly ready for publication, as on that day application was made to the Stationers' Company for license to print the sixteen plays which had not been previously entered to others in the Register.

As a specimen of typography the volume is no credit to its printers. Errors of pagination and signature marks are numerous. The volume contains 454 leaves, including the nine preliminary leaves, which were printed last. The book itself was made up of quires or signatures of six leaves each, but two only of the preliminary leaves bear signature marks and their arrangement is uncertain. The dedication to William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, and the Preface "To the Great Variety of Readers," both were signed by John Heminge and Henry Condell.

The portrait on the title-page, printed from a copper-plate engraved by Martin Droeshout, is to modern eyes scarcely deserving of the praise bestowed upon it by Ben Jonson. The engraver was only about twenty-two years of age when it was made, and it might be called the work of an apprentice. But it is nevertheless the only authentic likeness of the poet in existence.

The event of prime importance, in its effect upon dramatic taste and hence upon the position of Shakespeare, was the formation of the Commonwealth in 1649. Subsequently the Restoration in 1660 is the most considerable event in its consequences for the drama. In an article such as this divisions of this nature are interesting only to refresh our memories as to the movements of the period, for naturally much time would have to elapse after such changes as the foundation of the Commonwealth and the Restoration before their influence on poetic and dramatic taste would be felt strongly.

The first Puritan attack on the drama was not delivered when Charles the Stuart laid his head on the block on January 30, 1649, nor when Prynne published his "Histrio-Mastix" in 1632 and subsequently had his nose slit; nor had the last gone by when Charles II returned to continue the mismanagement of his fathers.

A creative age like the Elizabethan cannot be justly critical; in particular, it cannot be critical of one whose work is in progress in its midst; only when a man's work is finished or nearly so can men review it and notice its development; and only when an age is past do its men and things fall into proper perspective and reveal their proper relations. Then, too, we have to notice that the distinguishing qualities which constitute Shakespeare's universal eminence, like the great qualities of Æschylus and Sophocles, are those which a studious perusal of the works alone can demonstrate. It was only after the publication of the Folio that adequate material was provided for such a study, and even then, except in a few great minds like Milton's, recognition did not come till systematic criticism had begun to do its work. Taking these things into consideration, we should not be disappointed if the Shakespeare we know and revere was not so known and revered by the men of his own day. That he was honored, admired, and loved by them is unquestioned.

At first it was for his "Venus and Adonis" that Shakespeare was known. To be a poet was then a greater thing than to be a dramatist, and in publishing his poems so early in his career he took the best means of establishing a good reputation and gaining attention. Most of the epithets used by contemporaries of Shakespeare, "Honietong'd Shakespeare," etc., seem to be due to their conception of his poems, whose theme was passion. The references to the poems continue to occur with constancy till about the middle of the century, when they decrease in number. In 1595 comes from Edmund Spenser the recognition of Shakespeare as both playwright and poet. Of his early plays those which most struck his contemporaries were "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III." After 1600 these gave place to "Hamlet" and the Falstaff plays, which, having taken the chief place in popular favor, have held it ever since, except that "Hamlet" temporarily declined a little in popularity during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

Heminge and Condell in the First Folio refer to Shakespeare's ease in composition: "Wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers," they declare. To this Jonson refers in his "Timber," 1630–7; the Players had often mentioned that Shakespeare never blotted out a line; "Would he had blotted a thousand," says Ben.

Jonson stands alone as the founder of Shakespearean criticism. As the friend of Shakespeare, one who talked and laughed with him, as the most



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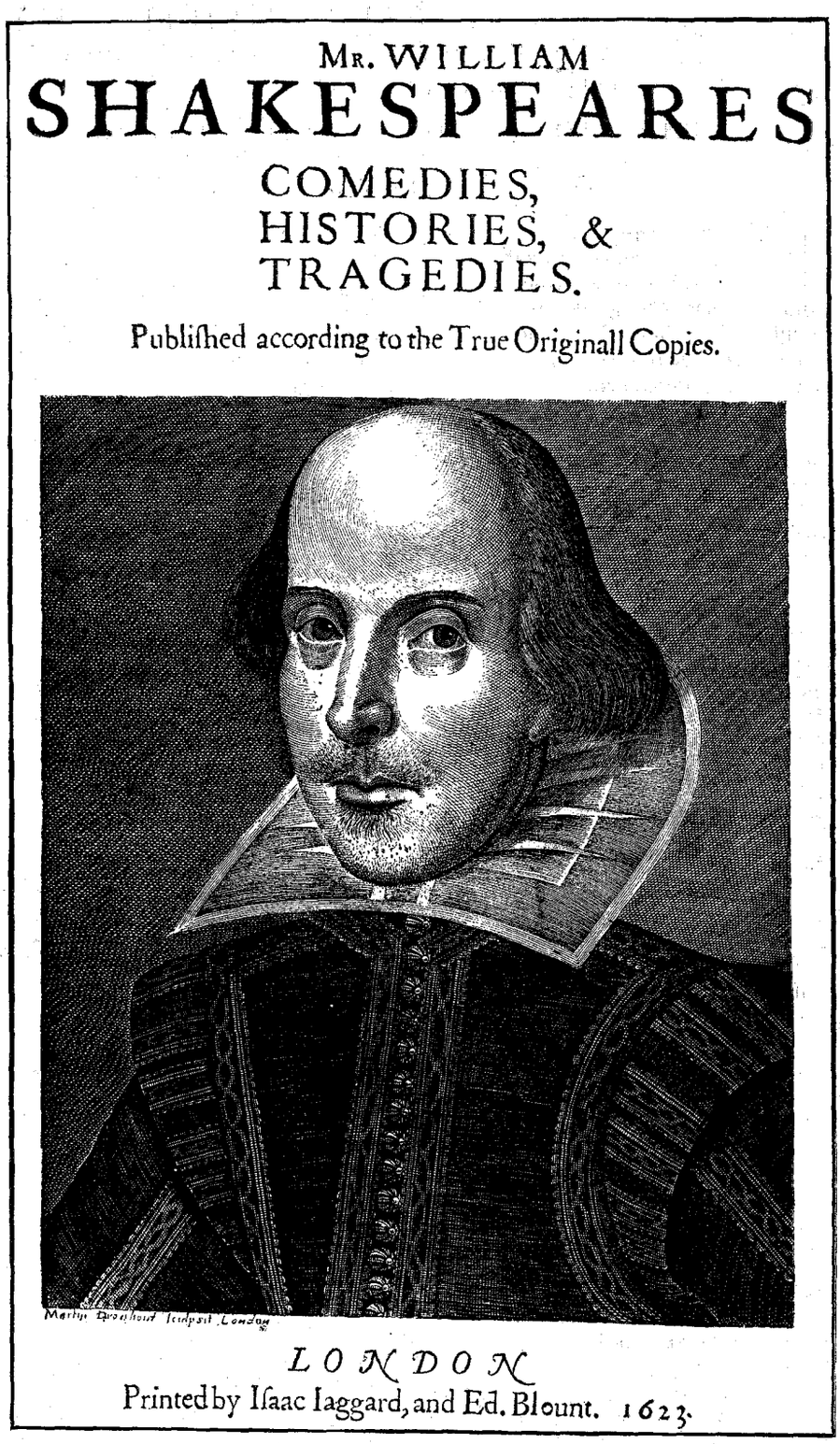
solid, most learned, and the strongest of Elizabethan playwrights, his utterances concerning his superior in drama deserve our profoundest respect. He was too honest, too arrogant to give unstinted praise to the man he says he loved; but when we consider what he dispraised it does not subtract from the honor of Shakespeare; and when we consider what he praised it adds to the honor of Jonson. He was a man of a different caliber from Shakespeare; he loved learning in a way that Shakespeare did not; but as he loved learning more, he knew men less.

Jonson's lines under the portrait in the Folio are the first adequate recognition of Shakespeare's greatness, and though, like all his praise, they are rather majestic, they seem to be based on a proper comprehension of those particular powers which make Shakespeare's immortality:

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his Wit
As well in Brasse, as he hath hit
His Face; the print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in Brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

Jonson thinks that Shakespeare could stand proof against the shafts of crafty malice. He identifies him with his age; calls him its very soul; and declares him immortal in his works. He proclaims him superior, not only to the men of his time, but to the ancients. He calls on Britain to regard her immortal son. He praises that very art which at other times he found wanting. He declares that by Shakespeare's works you may know Shakespeare the man. And he records the delight that Elizabeth and James derived from his plays. In the "Timber" he tells us of the character of the man. "He was honest and of a free and open nature," he says, "and I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory, as much as any." Is there not something touching in the tenderness of this, "I lov'd the man," an eloquent testimony to the personal charm of him so often called "gentle," and so honored among his fellows?

We come next to the evidences of the spread of Shakespeare's personal fame. At some time after 1597, and probably before 1603, Shakespeare's name, together with other scraps connected with him, was scribbled on folio 1 of the Duke of Northumberland's MS. of Lord Bacon's "Of Tribute." In 1603 Henry Chettle rebuked the "silver-tonged Melicert," Shakespeare, for not lamenting the death of Elizabeth; again, "A Mourning Dittie" of the same year uttered a similar rebuke; "Ratseis Ghost," of about 1605, seems to refer to Shakespeare's increasing fortune in London. Thomas Thorpe in 1609 could call Shakespeare "our ever-living poet," and in the address prefixed to the quarto of "Troilus and Cressida" of that year the writer declares that Shakespeare's works please even those who are displeased with plays in general.




THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO

Very significant are the silent borrowings from his works which commence with the appearance of "Venus and Adonis" and continue in plenty till the middle of the seventeenth century, when Puritan supremacy retarded dramatic activity. The borrowings are either imitations of scenes and passages or they are verbal imitations of lines and phrases due to close knowledge of the plays and poems.

Shakespeare left no school behind him. He was not an imitator; he invented no new style; he introduced no new vogue. Rather he accepted freely the forms and practices laid down by his predecessors and fellows; but he transcended them in all things; he perfected their methods and their forms;

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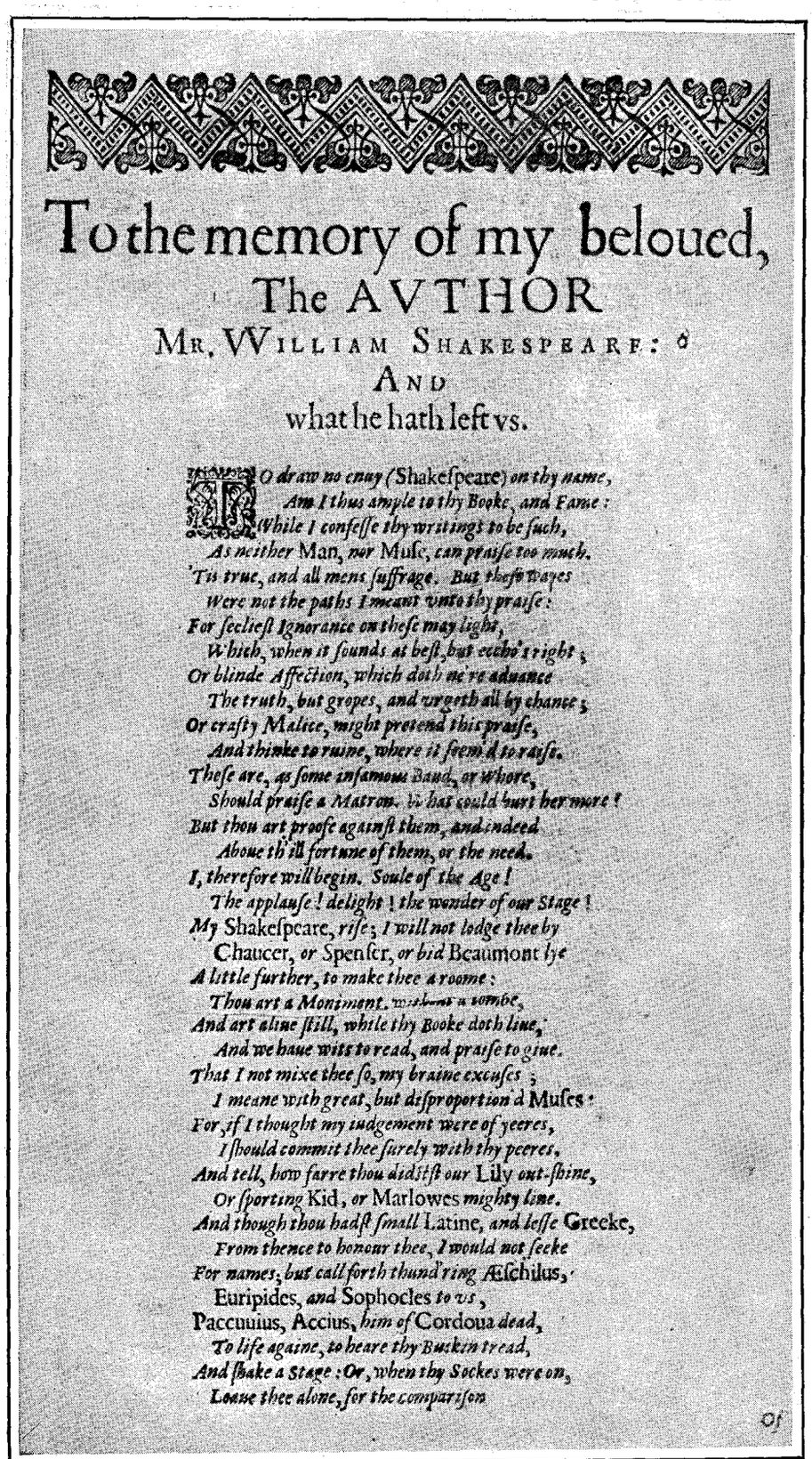

To the memory of my beloued,
The AVTHOR
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: &
AND
what he hath left vs.

TO draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these Wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst't our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the comparison

Of

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE DEDICATORY VERSES BY BEN JONSON IN THE FIRST FOLIO. BACONIANS HAVE HAD AN INTERESTING TIME OF IT IN EXPLAINING THESE VERSES AWAY

he surpassed them in his style; in his whole art he was inimitable.

Important as the Quartos and Folios were in establishing Shakespeare's lasting reputation, this constant repetition of phrases from memory shows clearly that, apart from them, his success in the theater itself was sufficient to have won him fame among his fellows. What the publication of his works did was to make them accepted as literature, to carry on his reputation through the turmoil of the seventeenth century and to preserve his labors till their full worth could be appreciated. But, apart from Quarto and Folio, Shakespeare the man, Shakespeare the poet, and Shakespeare the playwright would not have been unrecorded in Elizabethan literature. Although men did not recognize in him the greatest literary genius of England, yet in their praises, and particularly in their borrowings, they paid a tribute to the way in which he excelled them and corroborated Browning's declaration of his most striking characteristic: "The royal ease with which he walks up the steps and takes his seat on his throne, while we poor fellows have to struggle hard to get up a step or two."

The death of the poet in 1616, so early in the seventeenth century, the scarcity of biographical details concerning him, the interest which the publication of the First Folio aroused, and the almost complete severance from the past caused by the civil wars, all contributed to the formation of a considerable body of legends concerning the man. Ward writes that Shakespeare supplied the stage with two plays every year, and derived such an income from it that he spent at the rate of £1,000 per year. He says also that Shakespeare died through a fever contracted at a merry meeting between Michael Drayton, Ben Jonson, and himself, where "Itt seems [they] drank too hard." He was buried at Stratford on April 25, 1616.

The original edition of the First Folio consisted of five hundred copies, but only one hundred and eighty are accounted for to-day. This means that over three hundred copies have been lost. Out of these known one hundred and eighty copies, only fourteen are wholly free from the hands of the restorer. Twenty-nine have undergone only slight repair, and sixty-eight of the rest are fragmentary or obviously defective. The book was published at £1.

By an agreement with Sir Thomas Bodley, made about 1610, the London Stationers' Company bound itself to present to the Bodleian Library one copy of each book printed by any of its members. In accordance with this agreement a copy of the First Folio, in sheets, unbound, was delivered to the library, probably late in 1623. On February 17, 1624, the sheets were sent with other books to the Oxford binder, William Wildgoose, by whom the volume was duly returned. It was placed on a lower shelf, chained, but free to be consulted by any user of the library. When in due course a copy of the Third Folio came to the library from the Stationers' Company the thrifty librarian, recognizing the value of the new and enlarged edition, put his copy of the old edition among his duplicates to be sold, and it went with other "superfluous library books" sold by order of the curators some time during the year to the bookseller Richard Davis. The identical volume was next recognized when it was shown Bodleian's librarian in January, 1905, by G. M. R. Turbutt, who wished advice as to what ought to ' done with his old book. It was

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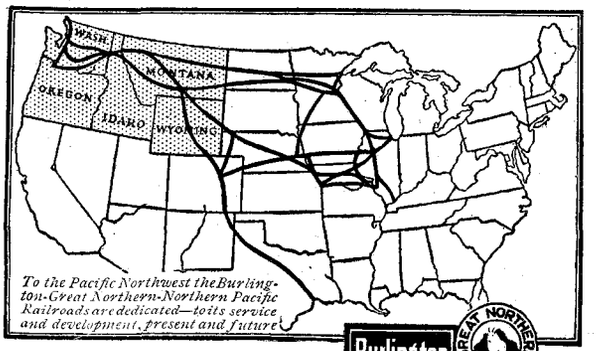


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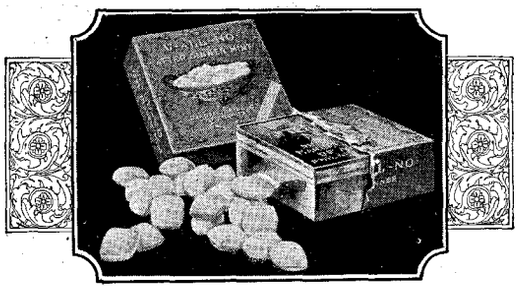

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·AFTER DINNER MINT·


THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

acquired by the library for £3,000. One pound remained the market price for a long time. In a sale catalogue of 1748 a copy was offered and described as "a fine copy, very scarce," but no priced copy of the catalogue seems to have survived. In 1756 (the earliest priced record of a sale) a copy brought 3 guineas. About 1770 William Beloe said that the standard value of a fine copy was 5 guineas and that he refused "at 9 guineas a superb copy" which realized 13 guineas at Dr. Monro's sale in 1792.

In 1790 London was thrilled when the Duke of Roxburghe paid £35 for a single copy. By 1854 the American purchaser had appeared and paid £153 for a copy. In 1864 Baroness Burdett-Coutts paid 672 guineas for a particularly fine copy, which a few months ago reached the United States after fetching a purchase price of £8,600.

In 1906 one hundred and twelve copies were in the United Kingdom, fifty-two in America, three in British colonies, and three on the Continent. At that time eighty-two of those in England were in private hands. To-day the proportion is reversed. One American collector has the unique distinction of possessing thirty-five copies, although only two of these are immaculate. The general impression, therefore, that the First Folio is an excessively rare book is wrong. It is one of the commonest of the books of its period.

## THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

**DAY'S JOURNEY (THE).** By W. B. Maxwell. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

A singular friendship is here recorded between two old chaps who have cared for one another from boyhood, who quarrel constantly and childishly, yet cannot get on without each other and are "inseparables" to the end. The theme is treated with fine art, but it is suited rather for a short story than for a novel.

**SKY-LINE INN.** By Donal Hamilton Haines. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The Outlook's readers surely have not forgotten Théophile Gilas, the heroic, amusing, resourceful French cook whose army career and after-the-war adventures were told in this journal in two series of stories called "The Adventures of Théophile." Here we have the gallant Théophile in a new life and in, for him, a distant land, even in the Sierras of California. There is plenty of entertainment and many odd happenings in this lively and whimsical book.

**STRICTLY BUSINESS.** By F. Morton Howard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Readers of "Happy Rascals" will be glad to meet again the cook and sailormen of the "Jane Gladys." T

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schemes and pranks are as funny and subtly planned as before. The stories are like and yet unlike those of W. W. Jacobs about bargemen and longshoremen. Any one who enjoys the one author must enjoy the other also.

**WALTER OF TIVERTON.** By Bernard Marshall. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

A spirited romance of knightly deeds in the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted. Two chivalrous English lads just merging into soldiers and noblemen foil villains, rescue maidens, and comport themselves as all gallant knights should.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**DE SENECTUTE.** By Frederic Harrison. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

Frederic Harrison read the proofs of the first paper in this volume on the day of his death. The editor truly remarks that it is a happy accident that the book opens with the dialogue "De Senectute," "for his own old age was a living example of what he preached." It is strangely fascinating to read this article on old age, written by a man who was in his ninety-second year and discussing the attitude that old and young hold toward literature and life and philosophy. The dialogue form gives it lightness of touch, and it is cheerful, quietly humorous, and intensely human. So also are Mr. Harrison's "Victorian Memories." At the time of his death he was one of a very few survivors who witnessed Victoria's coronation, and he tells of society and literature in the early Victorian days, and again with lightness of touch and a youthfulness of spirit astonishing in a man writing when he was over fourscore and ten. There are several other papers in the book, relating chiefly to literary subjects. The volume closes with a very carefully written philosophic synthesis, which presents in brief form the outline of that doctrine or philosophy of Positivism with which Frederic Harrison's name was so closely connected and which represents his profoundest conviction.

MISCELLANEOUS

**SUNWISE TURN.** By Madge Jenison. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Miss Jenison tells how she made a success of book-selling and calls her lively narrative "a human comedy of book-selling." Her experiences were both amusing and instructive. One learns a great deal about book seekers, especially those at Christmas-time. Miss Jenison's ideas of what a bookshop should be are original and sound. Her publishers say of her that she "made a success of bookselling because of her sympathy for books, her knowledge of human nature, her saving sense of humor, and her indomitable wit. It is these qualities which have made her an author whom even people who neither buy nor read books will


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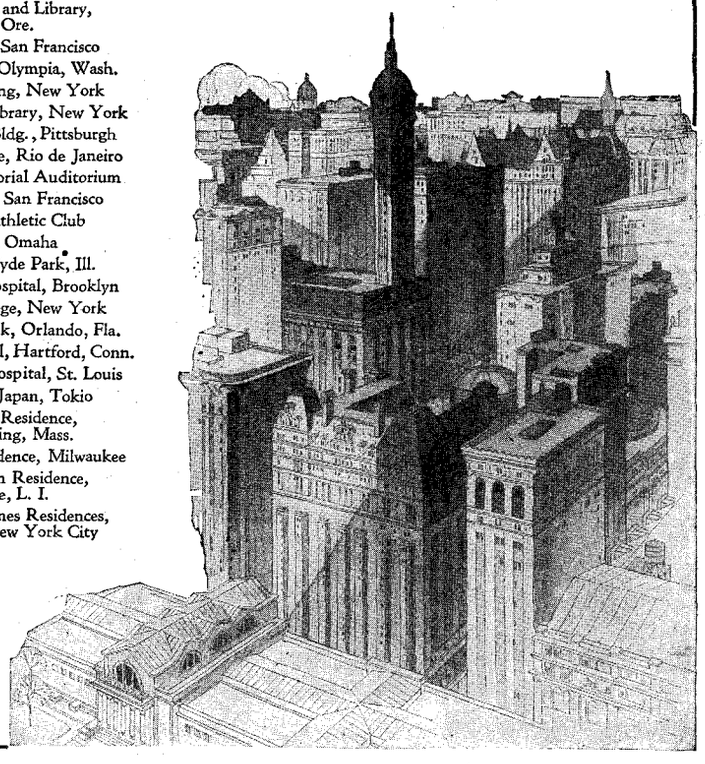

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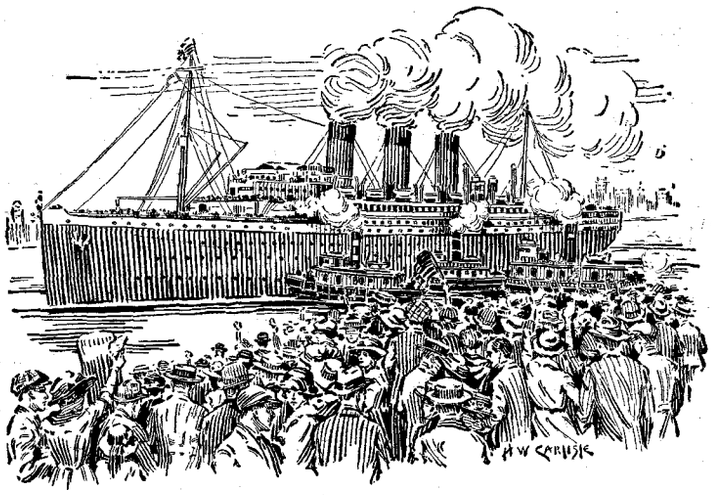
# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## THE DISADVANTAGES OF HIGH-YIELD INVESTMENTS

OFFHAND, it would seem an error of judgment to say that investments yielding high returns have disadvantages. Most people, at first blush, would certainly consider a bond yielding 7 per cent preferable to one on which the yield is, say, 5½. And so it would be, provided that all the circumstances were equal. The fact is, however, that there are always reasons for any particular investment yielding any particular percentage, and these reasons are arguments for or against its desirability which should be considered.

The general rule is, and always has been, that the closer an investment measures up to the tests of safety of principal, assured income, and ready salability, the lower is its yield. In other words, the higher grade the investment, the more it costs, for the selling price naturally determines the yield. Suppose there are two stocks, both paying $5 a year in dividends, one selling at 80 and the other at par. The yield on the former is 6¼ per cent, while the latter yields exactly 5 per cent. What is the reason for the difference, and why isn't the stock yielding the

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larger return the better investment? Look into it, and the chances are it will be found that at least one of the three essentials of a high-grade investment is missing. Which is to say that it has a weakness which detracts from its worth as an investment and in order to attract purchasers its yield must be compensatingly high. Just like two second-hand automobiles. One has a fine coat of paint and looks good, but the engine has several weak or worn-out parts; the other has a first-class engine, but is rather shabby to look at. Which is a better buy? Most people would examine them carefully and choose the one with the good engine, and they should use the same judgment in selecting their investments. A shiny coat of paint and a high yield are attractive, but real worth is determined by something more than that.

A reader writes: "Please suggest one or two bonds paying 7 per cent or more. Of course I want safety of principal too." It is possible to buy 7 per cent bonds—that is, bonds carrying coupons paying $70 a year—good bonds too. But they cost money, and they don't yield 7 per cent, because they sell at a premium, and who wants to pay more than a thousand dollars for a $1,000 bond? Some people do—many of them, in fact—but the average investor usually balks. A 7 per cent bond due in ten years selling at 110 costs the purchaser $1,100; and when it matures he will receive $1,000, a loss of $100. The straight yield on such a bond would be 6.4 per cent, and the approximate yield if held to maturity 1 per cent less, so that the purchaser really obtains no higher a yield than the average on any good bond at the present time. And there is another consideration. No company wants to pay 7 per cent interest on its borrowings if it can be helped, and these high coupon rate bonds usually are callable. Three years from now it may be that bonds can be issued on a 4½ per cent basis, and a corporation having 7 per cent callable bonds outstanding would be foolish if it did not retire them and issue others in their stead. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that a corporation had $10,000,000 of 7 per cent bonds outstanding, and found that it could refund them with a 4½ per cent issue. On an issue of $10,000,000 this would mean an interest saving of 2½ per cent a year, or $250,000, a pretty considerable item.

Even if these high coupon rate bonds are not callable, most of them mature in a comparatively short time, and the investor never knows what interest rates are going to be a few years hence. It is entirely possible that when his bond is called, or matures, he may find that he cannot reinvest the money to yield a return anything like as high as he has been enjoying. It seems to us that for the average investor, the man who is not in close touch with the markets and in a position to take advantage of the swings, the best course to follow is to put his money into fairly long term securities which yield a reasonable return. It seldom pays to try to get too much for one's money.

The real disadvantage of high-yield securities is the fact that they are almost always speculative, and not many investors can afford to speculate. Mining and oil stocks, as most people know, are usually in the speculative as well as the high-yield class, for one can never tell when the supply of oil or metal may run out. These companies can, with the aid of expert geologists, estimate their future supplies to some extent, but every barrel of oil or pound of metal taken out means that the reserve is reduced by just that much, and some day it will be gone. High yield is therefore necessary to attract investors, and part of the money received should be credited against the principal as a depreciation fund. In other words, the yield may seem high, but as an offset the security for the principal is steadily lessened by every cent of earnings. A mining stock may cost $75 a share and pay 15 per cent dividends, a high yield certainly. If, however, the life of the mine is fifteen years, the value of the shares is decreased by $5 every year, and one-third of the dividend received should be charged against principal and not regarded as income at all. In fifteen years, therefore, income will not only have ceased, but the principal will have disappeared.

Paradoxically enough, it is often the case that the securities which yield the highest return are the ones most liable suddenly to yield nothing at all. This of course would be a disadvantage. But it is not surprising. A corporation's earnings begin to decline, and as the news becomes known its securities begin to go down; it is still possible to pay dividends and interest, however, and as the security prices go down their yield increases. Earnings drop still further and the quotations for the stocks and bonds keep on their downward path, with yields still mounting, until a point is reached where earnings become so meager that any further payments of interest and dividends are out of the question and yield suddenly becomes a thing of the past.

Inexperienced investors frequently fail to appreciate that high yields are dangerous. Only recently we had a letter from a reader saying that last year he had purchased 100 shares of stock, and was now unable even to find a quotation for it. He wondered what could have happened. The stock in question was selling at what seemed a low price, and he apparently thought

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
*(Continued)*

it was a bargain. Shortly after he purchased the corporation went into receivership and the stock was stricken from the list of the New York Stock Exchange. Its value is now scarcely more than nominal, and, instead of a bargain, it has proved itself an exceedingly expensive purchase.

Yield should be a secondary consideration. Safety is the thing to seek above all else, and if yield can be combined with safety so much the better, but it is not worth risking one's principal for. As we have many times endeavored to point out, the best way to make money is not to lose it.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Please tell me how to figure the yield on a bond.

A. It is necessary to have especially prepared tables in order to figure the exact yield on a bond. It is possible, however, to determine the approximate yield as follows: Divide the rate of interest the bond pays by its selling price, and if this price is less than par you must make allowance for the appreciation of the principal. For instance, a 6 per cent bond due in ten years selling at 90 yields an annual return of 6.66 per cent (6 divided by 90). The difference between par and the market price is 10 points, 100 less 90. Divide 10 points by 10 years and the result is 1. This figure 1 should be added to 6.66 per cent, making the approximate yield on the bond 7.66 per cent.

Q. Can you give me a report of the earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway for 1922? What was earned on the common stock, and how does this compare with 1921?

A. Total income for 1922, after deductions for taxes and charges, amounted to $33,545,140, equal to $11.66 a share on the $260,000,000 of outstanding common stock. In 1921 the company's earnings were $33,169,867, or $11.51 on the common. Preferred dividends in 1922 were $3,227,276, and fixed charges $13,348,906.

Q. Does Anaconda Copper Company stock pay dividends, and, if so, what is the rate?

A. A dividend of 75 cents a share was paid April 23 on the capital stock of $50 par value. No previous dividends had been paid for several years. If this amount is disbursed quarterly, the stock is, of course, on a $3 annual dividend basis.


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## Hotels and Resorts

### NEW YORK

**Adirondacks — Interbrook Lodge and Cottages, Keene Valley, N. Y.** 1,500 ft. 600 acres forest and farm. Certified Jersey herd. Plenty of milk and cream. Large vegetable garden. Mountain climbing, camping, picnicking, tennis, auto trips to Paul Smith's, Saranac Lake, Lake Placid, down through beautiful Wilmington notch, to Au Sable Chasm. $18 to $20. Interesting illustrated booklet. **M. E. LUCK, Prop.**

**Camp Inkowa-Inkowa House**
**Greenwood Lake, Orange Co., N. Y.**
*9 Mile Lake—600 ft. elevation, 45 miles from New York City*
All outdoor sports: Horseback Riding: Tennis: Swimming: Canoeing: Boating: Athletics: Long and short distance hiking trips; Expert leadership: Best equipment.
**Junior Camp** for girls from 12 to 16, is filling a long-felt need for a high-class camp at a moderate rate, by the week or month—Rates $70 per month: $18 per week.
**Senior Camp** for young women over 16: Rates $70 per month: $18 per week.
**Inkowa House** for men and women: Rates $25 Single Rooms per week; Double Rooms $40 per week and up.
*References Required. Send for booklet*
**Camp Inkowa or Inkowa House, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.**

**THE GREEN TEA CUP INN, Newport, Herkimer Co., N. Y.** In beautiful country. An artistic home of refinement and unusual charm. Delicious food and every comfort. Limited accommodations. A place to rest. Mrs. Helen Sheffield Lottimer.

The Lloyd. On Great South Bay. Exceptional location and house. Cool, comfortable, charming. Sports, sailing, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, motoring. Address The Lloyd, Bellport, L. I.

**1785 Orient Point Inn 1923**
**Orient Point, L. I., New York**
Quiet, refined, homelike. Delightful location. Water sports, tennis, cleanliness, good table, electricity. Under same management as Mt. Pleasant House, Orient.
E. J. McDONNELL, Prop. and Mgr.

### NEW YORK CITY

**PARK AVENUE HOTEL**
**4th Avenue from 32d to 33rd Streets, New York**
(Subway entrance at door)
One of the best known hotels in the metropolis. Convenient to shopping, theatres, and in the heart of the wholesale district. Less than 50c taxi fare (one or more persons) from either railway terminal. Surface cars pass door.
**PRICES FOR ROOMS**
150 single rooms - - - - - - - - - - $2.50 per day
250 double rooms - - - - $4.00 per day and upward
Single rooms with bath - - $4.00 per day and upward
Double rooms with bath - - $5.00 per day and upward
**POPULAR PRICE CAFETERIA AND REGULAR RESTAURANT**
The SUNKEN PALM GARDEN is surrounded by Dining Balconies and a fine orchestra is stationed here every evening.
**GEORGE C. BROWN, Proprietor**

**Hotel Clendening**
**202 W. 103d St.**
**New York City**
Short block from Broadway subway station. Comfortable and homelike in every way. Write for rates and Booklet O.

**Hotel Webster**
**(Near 5th Avenue)**
**40 West 45th Street**
**NEW YORK**
Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates.
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

**Hotel Hargrave**
**West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York**
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

## Hotels and Resorts

### NEW YORK CITY

**HOTEL WENTWORTH**
**59 West 46th Street**
**New York City**
Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.
Special rates for the summer months.
The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.
The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.
*Write for summer rates.*
**GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.**

**Hotel Judson** 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

### APARTMENTS

**Ideal Furnished Apartment in New York City for the Summer**
Highly desirable furnished five-room apartment on Central Park West for rent until October 1. Cool, spacious living-room, grand piano, two bedrooms. Immediate possession. Exclusive modern apartment house. Telephone Columbus 2180. Address Apt. 3 H, 2 West 67th St., New York City.

### PENNSYLVANIA

**THE FOREST INN and COTTAGES**
**EAGLES MERE PARK, PA.**
Beautiful lake, bathing and boating, 2,200 feet above the sea. Fine 18-hole golf course. Superb views. Orchestra. Booklet.
HERMAN V. YEAGER, Mgr.

Woodleigh, Towanda, Pa. Luxurious country home, also cottage rooms; fine estate, owner trained nurse. Excellent cooking, abundance of cream, good milk, green vegetables, fruits, mt. spring water, fine air. Rooms en suite, private baths, open wood fires, electricity, sun-parlors. Good automobiles, horses, swimming, tennis; simple life. Booklet, Miss ELIZABETH LAMB.

### RHODE ISLAND

**IT'S COOL AT**
**Block Island**
**Rhode Island**
Spend your summer's outing here. Situated 15 miles from the mainland, off the Rhode Island Coast. Two daily boats from New London, Providence, and Newport.

**THE SPRING HOUSE**
is an attractive hotel offering many rooms with bath; orchestra; dancing afternoon and evening.
Block Island is headquarters of the Atlantic Tuna Club; finest surf bathing on the coast; golf; tennis; motoring; flying; fishing.
For further information write
**E. R. PAYNE, Block Island, R. I.**

When winter comes it's summer time at Punta Gorda, Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, the Sportsman's winter playground. Stop at Hotel Punta Gorda.

## Hotels and Resorts

### RHODE ISLAND

**BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.** 12 miles at sea.
Climate and beach unexcelled. **Blue Dory Inn.** In village near beach. Accommodates 25. Homelike; reasonable rates. **Red Gate Farm,** mile from village, near New Harbor; quiet. Mrs. B. H. DODGE, Box 133.

**Jamestown** Narragansett Bay, Opp. Newport, R. I.
Several nicely furnished cottages having all modern improvements. On the shore and overlooking the Bay. For the season of 1923. Booklets. Thorndyke Hotel, Jamestown, R. I.

### VERMONT

**THE MAPLES**
***A Quiet Country Home***
**In the foothills of the Green Mts.**
Address G. W. Powers, Athens, Vt. Via Cambridgeport railroad station, Bellows Falls, Vt.

**CHESTER, Vt.** "The Maples." Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water, bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. Refs. exchanged. THE MISSES SARGEANT.

**PROSPECT HOUSE**
***on* LAKE BOMOSEEN, *Castleton, Vt.***
**OPEN JUNE 15**
A delightful resort on one of New England's most picturesque lakes. All summer diversions under ideal conditions. Bathing, boating, and tennis. Select clientele. **Rates very moderate.** Non-housekeeping lake front cottages. Booklet. **L. R. Johnston,** Prop.

### WYOMING

***Vacation on a real Stock Ranch***
**THE SIXTEEN-BAR-ONE TRAPPER LODGE**
Horseback riding, fishing, detached sleeping cabins, tennis. Our ranch also supplies our table. Make reservations now with W. H. Wyman & Son, **Shell,** Big Horn Co., **Wyo.** N.B. **Trapper Lodge** maintains a complete **Mountain-top Camp** in connection.

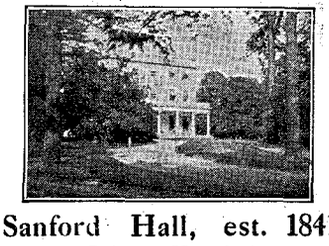
## Health Resorts

**Invalid, chronic or infirm**
**DIET NURSING;** especially cheerful room in attractive home of experienced nurse. Highest testimonials. ADELAIDE CORBETT, 345 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J.

**MARGARET MARY COTTAGE**
**CHESHIRE, MASS.**
**In heart of beautiful Berkshires**
For chronic invalids, convalescents and infirm. Diet nursing a specialty. Rates reasonable. Mrs. George M. Egan, graduate nurse.

**VAN VALEN SANATORIUM**
**YONKERS, N. Y.**
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

**The White Birches** Hanover, N. J.,
**Morris Co. Miss Cook's Home for Patients.** Chronic and acute cases. Graduate nurses. Terms reasonable. Garden, dairy, artesian water. 30 miles from New York City. Address LYDIA LOUISE COOK, R. N.


**Sanford Hall, est. 1841**
**Private Hospital**
**For Mental and Nervous Diseases**
Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
**Sanford Hall Flushing New York**

**Dr. Reeves Sanitarium**
is a private home for nervous patients, convalescents, and elderly people requiring care. Excellent table, home-like surroundings, auto drives. HARRIET E. REEVES, M.D., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

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## Board Wanted

**WANTED—For 2 or 3 adults** rooms and board, preferably in private family, in some cool spot near Elizabeth, N. J., for July, August, and September. 49, Outlook.

## Country Board

**Summer Board** Delightful spot in Green Mountains ½ mile from P. O. Excellent table. Terms reasonable. Mrs. C. R. FORD, Sharon, Vt.

**BERKSHIRES**—Party of six, eight paying guests who would appreciate modern home to themselves. Tennis, bathing. No other boarders. Box 121, Great Barrington, Mass.

**Kearsarge, N. H.** 1 mile from North Conway Railroad station. Private house accommodating 6 or 8 boarders Running water, electricity, etc. Golf, mountain walks, beautiful drives and scenery. Reasonable rates. Elderly people preferred. Mrs. G. C. Tyler, Kearsarge, N. H.

## Real Estate

### CONNECTICUT

**For Rent or Sale;** New Southern colonial house of 12 rooms, 3 baths, extra washroom, 2 fireplaces, large porches, hot-water heat; 5 acres, lawn and shade trees. Convenient to station. Best section. Write or phone Darien 13, Mrs. C. R. WRIGHT.

### INDIANA

**FOR SALE** FINE BUILDING **LOTS;** college town; lake resort region of **northern Indiana.** Address 47, Outlook.

### MAINE

**CAMDEN, MAINE**
Houses and Camps for rent and for sale.
GEO. H. TALBOT CO.

**Camden, Me. For Rent.** Fully furnished, attractive seashore cottages. Some choice locations available. $500 to $900. Photos, plans, etc. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

**FOR RENT, FURNISHED**
**"Lady Cove House"**
**FALMOUTH FORESIDE**
**On Casco Bay (near Portland), Maine**
Modern. Designed by A. W. Longfellow. 11 bedrooms, 4 baths, garage, stable. Season $1,200. GEORGE WOODWARD,
North American Building, Philadelphia.

FOR RENT, Pemaquid Harbor, Me. Attractively furnished 6-room bungalow, wonderfully located between ocean and pines. Bathroom, fireplace. For season or month. J. B. Fielding, 1536 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

**For Rent, near Penobscot Bay, Me.** 6-room cottage and stable. Address M. W TAPLEY, 455 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FOR SALE OR RENT**
**This furnished cottage** with about 1½ acres land; six chambers. One of the very best locations at **OGUNQUIT.**
Also a **cottage** of eight chambers.
GEORGE H. LITTLEFIELD, Wells. Me.

**Sunset, Me.**—Cottage on Mill Island. 12 rooms, bath, pumping engine. No linen or silver. Small boat. $400 for season. LOUIS E. MALLORY, 318 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

### MASSACHUSETTS

**Plymouth, Mass., harbor.** Five-bedroom cottage on Clarks Island. Running water, launch, fishing, sailing. Island farm supplies milk, eggs, etc. Ideal for children. Season rent $225. Charles Sloane, Room 1524, 30 Church St., New York, or H. M. Taylor, Commonwealth Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

**ROCKPORT, MASS.**
*GOLF FISHING BATHING*
Cottages, camps, and suites **To Let, furnished.** Modern and old-fashioned houses **For Sale.** Helen L. Thurston, 20 Pleasant St., tel. 80 Rockport.

## Real Estate

### MASSACHUSETTS

**Charming Colonial Country Place**

194 acres, woods, meadows, streams. 1,800 feet elevation. Berkshire Hills Attractive location; pleasant community; health, rest; near golf, tennis, fishing, hunting, horseback riding, public library; excellent modern inn.

**House** Simple, every comfort, easy housekeeping, no stairs, 15 rooms. 2 baths 2 COTTAGES, LARGE GARAGE, BUNGALOW, BARNS. WATER—Bountiful Springs, Gravity Supply FURNITURE—Antique, Complete

**Sell Half Value** Plans, pictures, shown. No commissions. Owner;
**WILLIAM GORHAM RICE, Albany**
Room 411, The Capitol;
or Room 2805, 165 Broadway, N. Y.

**FOR RENT**
**PITTSFIELD, MASS.**

Cottage on Westenhok Farm, fifteen minutes' drive from city. Four master's bedrooms (one on ground floor), three bathrooms, two servants' rooms, screened sleeping and dining porches, two fireplaces and one pipe hot air furnace, also garage and vegetable garden. Rent $800 for season, completely furnished.

Also, on premises adjoining, cottage known as "As You Like It," with four master's bedrooms, three servants' rooms, three baths, sleeping-porch and screened piazzas, three fireplaces, heated by steam, garage and tennis court. Rent $1,200 for season, completely furnished.

Apply for both to Mr. R. C. ROBERTSON, Pittsfield, Mass.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

**For Rent, in White Mts., Bethlehem, N. H.** Furnished 9-room cottage. Modern improvements. Ideal location. Address John Macfarland, Bethlehem, N. H.

**WONALANCET, N. H.**
*Cottages to rent for the season*
**Apply to ARTHUR T. WALDEN**

### NEW JERSEY

**To Rent, Furnished, Englewood, N. J.**
**July and August.** House on quiet street near Field Club. 9 rooms and bath, all conveniences, large porch, garage; two blocks to trolley for New York; convenient Erie station. $200 monthly. Adults only. 43, Outlook.

### NEW YORK

**To rent for season near Saratoga**
**Attractive five-room furnished home.** Open country, trout brooks. Apply to Eldridge Smith, R. F. D. 5, Ballston Spa, N.Y.

**ADIRONDACKS, AUGER LAKE, Fordway Camps.** New, attractive furnished 4 and 5 room bungalows. Open fireplaces, screened porches. Boating, bathing, fishing. $25 weekly, including ice, firewood, and rowboat. Mace & Nicolls, Keeseville, N.Y.

**ADIRONDACK COTTAGES.** Comfortably furnished, running water, bath; supplies convenient. $195 and $250 for season. Small furnished camp $85 till August 1. Send for folder. ALMON WARD, Jay, Essex Co., N.Y.

**FOR RENT, Furnished, $150 Season.** Quaint Dutch Colonial stone house, 8 large rooms, big fireplace. Charmingly located. Delightful spring at door. Garage. Lovely walks on large acreage and woodland; brook. Near Nyack. 1 hr. N. Y. on West Shore. Monthly arrangement considered. 83, Outlook.

**FOR RENT—For Summer Months OR LONGER,** pleasant, comfortable, well-furnished house; gas, electricity, latest modern conveniences; 8 rooms, 3 baths. Upper Scarsdale; easily accessible to White Plains express station. Rent moderate. Personal references required. Address owner, A. CARR, West Post Road, White Plains, N. Y. Telephone evenings only, 1664-W.

**Westchester** For rent, furnished, comfortable 8-room house. Gas, electric light, garage, garden, fruit, vegetables. Moderate rent. June 15 to Sept. 15. 200 Chatterton Parkway, White Plains, N. Y.

**Yonkers, N.Y.** To rent, July or September, 1923, to October, 1924. 11-room house, excellent residence neighborhood. Furnished or unfurnished. Electricity, 2 baths, hardwood floors. Telephone 5663, Yonkers. 55, Outlook.

**Professor's Attractive Home** in delightful college town for rent, furnished, during summer months. 9,997, Outlook.

## Real Estate

### VERMONT

**Lake Champlain Shore Property**
**CAMPS FARMS ESTATES**
**Mrs. W. RAMSAY SMITH**
***The Bittersweet Real Estate Agency***
**Burlington, Vt.**

### VIRGINIA

**TO LET FOR A YEAR—Fully equipped orchard-farm in VIRGINIA BLUE RIDGE** Thousand foot elevation; beautiful views; dry, healthful climate; mild winters. Large plain 8-roomed house, comfortably furnished; running water, hot-water heating, fine fireplaces, 2 baths, 2 sleeping-porches, screened dining-porch. Rent, $1,800 a year. 79, Outlook.

## BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR sale—A fully equipped girls' camp on a Vermont lake. Can be seen in operation July, August, 1923. Apply to Secretary, N. A. D. G. C., 52 Chauncey St., Boston, Mass.

A co-operative opportunity in a Vermont girls' camp is open to a woman of maturity, camping experience, and sound judgment and character who is in a position to secure campers. Apply to Secretary, N. A. D. G. C., 52 Chauncey St., Boston, Mass.

## FOR THE HOME

FOR Sale—Maple syrup $2.50 per gallon. Margaret Grace, Sherburne, N. Y.

## ROOMS TO RENT

TWO large newly furnished bedrooms, bath, use of kitchen, living room, exclusive apartment near park, private. References. 3,890, Outlook.

## STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

## HELP WANTED

### Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Waitress for season in out-of-town tea room. Please state age and experience. Address 3,872, Outlook.

WANTED—Two reliable cooks for student dormitory. Refer nces. Address Emerson Hall, Geneseo, N. Y.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Professional Situations

GRADUATE male nurse, masseur, to attend gentleman at mountain resort. 3,891, Outlook.

MASSEUR, experienced at hydrotherapy, seeks position at mountain resort. 3,892, Outlook.

### Business Situations

WANTED—Athletic position in REAL camping out boys' camp. 3,876, Outlook.

COMPETENT typist wants manuscript or any other material to copy. 50 cents per thousand words. Reply 3,874, Outlook.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

WOMAN of ability and refinement as supervising housekeeper. Long experience in housekeeping with best of references. 3,887, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN: SECRETARY, housekeeper, or companion; capable, experienced, accustomed to children. References given and required. 3,786, Outlook.

COLLEGE GRADUATE with graduate university work and teaching experience desires position as traveling companion, tutor, governess. Free June 1. 3,833, Outlook.

BOY Scout official, college graduate, driving own car, will conduct two months' camping trip. Limited to three boys over 11. Expenses and moderate salary. Eric Meese, 87 St Nicholas Place, New York City.

CULTURED young woman as companion or social secretary. Well educated. References. Address Miss Juliette Cunningham, Cadiz, Ky.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, y woman, executive abili y, 14 years' experience registrar music school, position as secretary, chaperon, or housemother. Exceptional references. 3,869, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary, managing housekeeper. Refined, cultured young woman desires engagement. L. M. P., 535 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J.

WANTED, by teacher, for summer, position in private family to assist with housework. Experienced. 3,870, Outlook.

SEPTEMBER. Position as matron or housekeeper in institution wanted. Refined Protestant woman. Employed at present. Best references. 3,867, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured social worker, holding executive position, would act as hostess or assist hostess by reading to guests and organizing hikes and recreation for board and expenses during month of July, August, or September. Address 3,871, Outlook.

CULTURED college woman, 28, master's degree, experienced nurse, wishes summer position; companion, mother's helper, governess. Highest references. 3,857, Outlook.

CULTURED, modest nurse, experienced traveler, useful companion. Quality references. 3,860, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED stenographer and bookkeeper wishes position as companion; accustomed also to housekeeping and traveling. Can drive car. Address 3,856, Outlook.

HOMEMAKER—Lady, intelligent, experienced, Christian—oversight motherless household. Vicinity Philadelphia preferred. 3,880, Outlook.

FRENCH young man desires European travel as companion or tutor. Highest recommendations. 3,878, Outlook.

WIDOW of army officer in late war as companion or housekeeper. Used to running establishment. References. 3,877, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as traveling companion or in country with young or elderly woman. Pleasant personality; practical nurse; pleasant reader. 3,884, Outlook.

REFINED, Christian young woman during summer months in North as companion to lady or elderly couple. Can handle private correspondence, drive car. Will travel. References exchanged. Miss M. Reeder, Welaka, Fla.

### Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE woman, tutor, would accompany or remain with girl going West. 3,859, Outlook.

COLLEGE student, young man, wants summer work directing athletics for young boys or tutoring for college entrance. Best references. Address 3,761, Outlook.

COLLEGE man wishes to travel abroad as tutor-companion for expenses. Drives car. Edmund Leeds, Jr., 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

TEACHER, young woman, desires position as companion or governess for summer. Would travel. Address 3,829, Outlook.

COSMOPOLITAN of 50 open to engagement as teacher, governess, or companion (good traveler). Specialize in modern languages, teach piano and vocal besides stenography, typewriting, etc. References exchanged. Miss Van, 232 Corbin Place, Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TUTORING. German, English, Latin. By university woman. After June 18. 3,855, Outlook.

WANTED, by college undergraduate, position for summer as tutor and companion for one or more young boys. Remuneration not chief object. Address 3,873, Outlook.

AS governess or nurse by competent young woman. 3,879, Outlook.

KINDERGARTEN teacher, Jewish, wishes position as governess or companion with Jewish family for summer. 3,881, Outlook.

YOUNG French woman, graduate French college, wants position to teach French in a family. Excellent recommendations. M. Freire, 89 Union Park St., Boston, Mass.

MALE teacher desires summer work. Will travel. 3,889, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position beginning September. 3,888, Outlook.

## MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING made a pleasure by New York shopper offering services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

SUMMER HOME with supervision, Hewlett School for girls, Hewlett, Long Island, twenty miles from New York.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

POPULAR HUMOROUS LECTURER for $50 the night. I always get RETURN trips. 3,875, Outlook.

WANTED—Free Protestant home in Connecticut for promising American girl, 8 years old. 3,886, Outlook.

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**An Ocean Voyage in Calm Waters**

From Vancouver to Alaska, extends the Inside Passage recognized as the most beautiful water trip in America—a sea voyage of over 600 miles, in smooth waters protected by coast islands, affording wondrous seascapes and mountain views of the snow-capped coast range. Canadian National Ocean Steamships are the fastest and largest in North Pacific waters—all outside staterooms. This is the water trip of the Triangle Tour. The two land sides of the Triangle Tour from Prince Rupert to Jasper National Park and from Vancouver to Jasper National Park lie through a part of the Dominion of Canada that cannot be surpassed for charm and grandeur of its scenery, the multitude of its mountains, and the remarkable character of its many rivers and their canyons.

*For full information, write for booklet S. S. 27, to any of the following Canadian National Railway Offices:*

BOSTON, 294 Washington St.
BUFFALO, 11 So. Division St.
CHICAGO, 108 West Adams St.
CINCINNATI, 406 Traction Bldg.
CLEVELAND, 522 Kirby Bldg.
DETROIT, 527 Majestic Bldg.
DULUTH, 430 West Superior St.
KANSAS CITY, 334 Railway Exchange Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 503 So. Spring St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 518 Second Ave., So.
NEW YORK, 1270 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 702 Finance Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 505 Park Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Sta.
SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
SEATTLE, 902 Second Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 305 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
ST. PAUL, Cor. Fourth & Jackson Sts.

**Canada Welcomes United States Tourists—No Passports Required**

The Canadian National Route through the Rockies skirts Canada's highest peaks, at the easiest gradient and lowest altitude of any transcontinental route.

**Canadian National Railways**

**YOU CAN SLEEP**

after sunrise, on your sleeping porch, or camping, if you wear a B. K. B. It fits comfortably over the eyes, will not fall off, and induces as well as prolongs sleep.

*Sent postpaid for 50 cents. 5 for $2.*

Pat. Dec. 17, 1912. NIGHT MFG. CO., 5 Harvard Sq., Cambridge, Mass.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
**Cortez CIGARS**
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

**Sell coal to your trade** in carload lots.
**Earn week's pay in an hour** Sideline salesmen wanted.
Washington Coal Co., Stock Yards Sta., Dept. N, Chicago


## Important to Subscribers

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

# BY THE WAY

"To what does Izaak Walton owe his reputation among fishermen?" Dr. Henry van Dyke asked in a recent address before the Izaak Walton League of America. "Not to his technical skill or knowledge. There are a dozen men in this place tonight," said Dr. van Dyke, "who know more about rods and tackle than Izaak Walton ever knew. Nor does he owe his standing to the size of his fish stories. In fact, I do not remember that he tells a large one personally in all his book. . . . Wise old guy! I suppose there are—well, at least a hundred men, and probably two hundred ladies, in this audience who could tell a larger fish story than Izaak Walton. And proud of them, too. But what he owes his primacy to, first of all, is his ability as one of the most beautiful users of the English language that has ever taken a pen into his hand. . . . And the second thing to which he owes his primacy is his character as a man. His character is as beautiful as his writing."

From "Punch" (apropos of the new household régime):

Visitor—"How do you like your new maid?"

Hostess—"She's a perfect treasure, but I do wish she wouldn't call me 'old thing.'"

"A paragraph in your column recently repeated the rumor that a memorial is to be erected on the campus of Elmira College, the expenses of the memorial having been made by unsolicited contributions from friends of Mark Twain," writes Mr. Frederick Lent, President of Elmira College. "May I ask you to correct the report? It is true that we wish to have a Mark Twain Professorship of American Literature for the College and a building bearing his name. The matter has been proposed, but no funds have yet been contributed for putting it into execution. We fear that friends who might be moved to give toward such an object would be deterred from doing so by such an announcement as that which you published. We will welcome any help."

The "American plan" in hotels, consisting of a flat rate per day, all meals included, has largely been abandoned in America in favor of the "European plan," with rates for room only and meals to be paid for *à la carte*. In Europe, however, according to an article in the New York "Herald," the "American plan" is displacing the "European plan." Referring especially to Italy, the correspondent says: "In all except the very expensive hotels the Italian system is now that known as the 'American plan,' which is now hardly to be found in America. Guests are required to pay for three meals a day in their hotel, whether they eat them or not. This system has tended to reduce the number of excellent restaurants."

"I stepped into a San Diego bookstore one day," a subscriber reports, "and asked of the dapper young man who came forward to wait on me, 'Have you "The Spenders"?' The first look of surprise quickly changed to one of great pity as he sized up his questioner and replied, with a possible touch of impatience in his voice, 'Why, no; you get *them* at a *gents' furnishing store.*'"

From the Brooklyn "Eagle:"

"'Car Kills Two; Gets Six Months,' says headline. That's the idea; lock up the cars and give the drivers six months as pedestrians."

The first American sleeping car, which made its first trip on September 1, 1859, has recently been featured in a photo play. The old car had berths which were pulled down into position by means of weights and pulleys; heat was supplied by a wood-burning stove, and illumination provided by candles. A sign read, "Please Remove Boots Before Retiring." The seats were uncushioned, and the aisle between them was so narrow that the women, who in 1859 wore hoopskirts, found passing through it difficult. It was nevertheless termed the "Palace Car."

In a classified advertising column headed "Rare Coins" a dealer offers as curiosities "100,000 roubles for 25c., 10,000 German marks $1." The Russian presses thus still keep ahead of the German ones in issuing almost worthless currency—probably because they print more notes of high denominations. But the Germans are doing their best to catch up.

Bernard Gilbert, according to an article in the "Living Age," has no use for either the capitalist or the Socialist. He is quoted as writing: "I stayed recently with a summer colony of Fabians, and had a good view of the pick of our Communists, Feminists, Conchies, and all the other brands of rebel. They talked faster than I had believed it possible for any human being to talk. Like burst water-pipes! For hours! And all about nothing! If their sentences had been inverted no one would have been the wiser. And in the background their prophet Shaw sat inscrutable, as if wondering what a devil of a brood he had helped to hatch."

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